

The Listener

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Youth Looks Ahead

The Revolution in Literature

By C. DAY LEWIS

CURIOSITY is, I suppose, the most dangerous and the most vital of all human virtues. Whatever it did to the cat, it has undoubtedly saved mankind from extinction time and again. Tonight I am going to be inquisitive about the future of literature. And let us at the start get it out of our heads that life and letters are two separate worlds; that literature is something dead, like the moon, visible only because of the sun's rays, a kind of vanity glass for life. The relation between the two is a much more active one. Life is like Proteus, constantly and bewilderingly changing shape. Literature wrestles with this Proteus till it has him pinned down in a final true form and so compels him to tell his secret. Then of course Proteus gets up and it all begins over again. Now one has no chance of anticipating the next form that life will take unless one has a firm grasp on its present form. So we cannot make prophecies about literature without considering the ways in which life is influencing it now.

The Writer as the Spokesman of the Group

I am going to select three of these influences—politics, psychology, and scientific invention. Politics means—or should mean—the science of living together; and you may say, 'what has this science to do with the writer, scribbling happily away in his garret or his country cottage? He is so used to having the wolf at the door that it has become quite a domestic animal: so why should he care if empires totter

and societies decay?' Believe me, the writer is not a hermit crab; nor yet is he living on one of those self-sufficient desert islands where ripe fruit drops into the mouth and time means nothing. It is true that he is in part an individualist. But also, from the very beginning, he has been the spokesman of his fellows. When a social group is decaying or inadequate or undergoing the pangs of some vital change, its spokesman is bound to feel an unhappiness and discontent which are additional to anything he may feel as an individual. At this point, where living together has become difficult and painful, the writer turns to the science of living together, to politics. There seems no alternative for him, except he goes mad—which will free him altogether from his responsibilities to society, and is a course many sensitive writers have adopted.

It has been said that the prevailing consciousness of this period is a political one. Certainly, writers of my own generation are interested in politics to an extent unequalled among English writers since the French Revolution. They feel that the old structure of society is incapable of dealing satisfactorily with the new developments of life, and they are not convinced that the necessary revolution is the business only of politicians. They have learnt a lesson from D. H. Lawrence too. You remember that after the War Lawrence felt impelled to try and construct a social group round himself. His sense of chaos and isolation drove him to it. But, although he was a great and magnetic man, he failed. We see in this a warning that no social group built round an individual can succeed today. The

pressure of world events, bearing so heavily upon it, will sooner or later prove too much for the central individual and thus explode the small group.

Will Politicians Enlist the Writer's Aid?

Younger writers in consequence are tending to align themselves more or less consciously with one of the larger world-movements based not on the individual but on the masses—with Communism or Fascism. Now, whatever attempts people may make to obscure the issue, these movements are ultimately bound up with a conflict between social classes. So we may make our first prophecy. If and when the division between the interests of these classes grows more acute and obvious, we shall find writers standing more and more definitely on one side or the other. And, as this takes place, a new conception of the function of literature is bound to grow up. It will become more concerned with the relations between masses and less with the relations between individuals; more of a guide to action and less of a commentary on action; more deliberately a partisan in life's struggles. In fact, it will moralise more. I know this idea will be repugnant to many of you; but it is a possibility that must be faced.

In the meanwhile, however, politicians may become aware of this increasing political interest among writers, and make attempts to rope them in to one of the established parties. After all, big business has found it profitable to employ the pens of ready writers. And literary criticism, once an art, is fast degenerating into an advertising agency. If the political parties seize this opportunity, we may well anticipate a period of pamphleteering. Another Swift, another Junius, might arise. And on the political arena rapiers would appear again in place of those ponderous bludgeons which seldom damage the adversary but are apt to give the spectator a sick headache.

You are protesting, perhaps, that this is all beside the point. Culture is the flower of a nation's life, not a weapon in its quarrels. I know there is a school of thought, centred in Cambridge, which aims to preserve our national culture by hook or by crook. But think for a moment: scientists can remove the heart or a piece of skin tissue and keep them alive long after the parent body is dead; but the life they will be living is a meaningless one. And I don't feel that a culture artificially preserved from the decay of the social body can have much meaning either.

Literature and Freud

No. For those who deplore an alliance between literature and politics there is only one other choice—psychology. When Sigmund Freud called man's attention to his unconscious, he set moving a process, the results of which may well prove as important as those of the Industrial Revolution or the discovery of America. Now, just about the time when Freud was beginning his great work, the writer was beginning to feel the disruption of society and to fall back upon his last stronghold—his own self. Literature became more introspective, concerned with the conflicts inside a man's mind rather than with the conflicts between individuals. It is writers of this type—Rilke, Kafka and Proust on the Continent, Joyce and Eliot in Britain—who are most admired by younger writers today. Many of the latter are torn between their political sympathies and their desire to stand up for the unconscious. We find several—W. H. Auden is a case in point—who after a brief incursion into political writing have ranged themselves on the side of psychology. Now Freud, because of the enormous emphasis he lays on the individual, is the real champion of liberalism today. And it is quite possible that liberalism, missing and presumed killed on the political battlefield, may be revived by this alliance between literature and psychology.

Then there is another point. The thing about Freud's analysis is that it has altered all the values of the human equation. It has given us a new conception of character. It has thrown a brilliant—and often humiliating—light on our

motives. And above all it challenges us to reconstruct our morality on the new foundations it has laid. Freud, of course, is not much concerned with ethics himself. He looks upon his work as one of the branches of experimental science. What is more, he regards science as the only saviour of mankind; religion as the one serious opponent to science; and art as something 'almost always harmless and beneficent' that 'never dares to make any attack on the realms of reality'. It doesn't sound as if he'd be very pleased by my putting literature forward as an ally of psychoanalysis. Yet I venture to assert that writers, steeped in Freud's conclusions, are already through their work beginning the revision of values which those conclusions demand. And I will risk an even bolder conjecture. Freud and his followers have offered man a revolutionary idea of the nature of his own soul. Thus they have offered him the materials to create a new religion, for it is on a true conception of the nature of the human soul that any civilised religion must be built. If, as many believe, man cannot yet live satisfactorily without religion, then it may well be that from the revelations of this great unbeliever the new religion will spring. If it does, one can be sure of two things. It will be a religion of enlightened love: and literature will be its handmaid. To tell the truth, literature is never happy for long without a master; it needs a settled background. Even now it is trying to decide which master to serve—the revolutionary mass-movement or the liberalism of Freud.

The End of Realism?

But there is a third factor complicating this decision. Scientific invention is encroaching upon that field once considered the sole property of literature. I personally think this is all to the good. We may hate the present enormous overproduction of print. Most of us, I expect, feel rather like the orphan in the old melodrama, snowed up under a blizzard of paper. But this mass-production does enable us to distinguish more easily between serious writing and entertainment writing. The latter is, I believe, already being superseded by scientific invention. After all, entertainment writing appeals either through a startling realism or by taking us into a world totally unreal. But cinema and radio can already do this much better. When television is perfected—and possibly Mr. Aldous Huxley's 'feelies' introduced—they will provide us with an unreality far more unreal or a realism a hundred times more devastating than the most frenzied ambitions of the entertainment writers can rise to. I can even envisage the day when we shall put a book on to a mechanism as now we put on a gramophone record, and the whole thing will be enacted for us. Sitting in our armchairs at home, we shall see and hear and smell the author's characters. But whether this performance could be called 'literature' or our share in it 'reading' are questions quite beyond my reeling imagination.

The point is this. Scientific invention is very soon going to compel literature to decide what its real job is. What can printed words do that can't be done better through other mediums? Well, I think the first position literature will have to give up to her rivals is realism. I'm not going back on what I said at the beginning of this talk. Much as I admire Freud, I don't agree with him that art is something outside the realm of reality. Words are like the ghostly companions of Ulysses—they must drink blood before they can communicate with the living. But realism and reality are two very different things. Realism at its best can only be an inspired catalogue of events; whereas great literature has always raised the tone of reality to an epic pitch. The future of fiction lies, perhaps, in this direction. Already we have in America a novelist, William Faulkner, who can create that kind of supernatural tension amid commonplace events which is a sign of epic. The Great War has not yet produced its Iliad. But possibly the epics of the future will deal more with the struggle between

(Continued on page 537)

Foreign Affairs

Europe's Problem: an Approach from the East

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

Broadcast on March 25

IT doesn't take the eye of an eagle to see that Berlin is the key of the world today. Nor do we need the wisdom of Solomon to realise that until Sir John Simon can tell us where the Führer and his Nazi Germany stand, and what they really want, we can do little more than await with eager hope the true report of the Simon mission. None the less, I am going to take you to Berlin. But we shall go there the long way round, for often the longest way round is the shortest way home. Sir John went due east on Sunday: we are going west, so as to reach Berlin from the opposite direction, *via* North America, the Pacific Ocean, the Far East and Russia. We already know a good deal about this problem of world peace and world war, in its European aspect; but we cannot get the picture right, unless we see it whole. In a word we must look at it not only as a problem of Europe, but one which affects the whole civilised globe. And when I say we, I mean we as citizens of the United Kingdom. There is no other nation in the world today, there never has been any nation in history, whose sons and daughters live in so many different parts of the world, whose ships sail on every ocean, whose trade goes everywhere, and who therefore have a universal interest, and a universal responsibility.

We were reminded the other day, by a Russian statesman, that peace is indivisible. He meant that if we are to get a new order in the world which will give security and a reduction of armaments, every nation must take part in it. You cannot have peace in a world which is half-pacifist and half-militarist.

Now, in the old days, say thirty years ago, we used to think that Europe was the only part of the world that really counted for anything. We know now that that is no longer true. It is true that the future of the whole world depends on how Europe behaves; and therefore the key to the problem lies in Europe. But there are at least two nations in Europe, Great Britain and Russia, who cannot do anything in Europe without first thinking how their action will affect their interests outside our continent, and that is why we (as one of them) are going to-night to approach our task in Europe by looking at it from overseas.

So we cross the Atlantic to North America where Canada and the United States are close neighbours. Canada is both a partner with us in the British Commonwealth of Nations and a partner with the United States in the life of her own continent. I am going to assume that you agree with me that, both because of the vital part which America played in the Great War, and because the peaceful future of Canada as our partner in the Empire depends upon really friendly relations between us and the United States, we must always be interested in the attitude of the American people to world problems such as security, armaments and peace.

What is their attitude today? Fundamentally, they so dislike any entanglement in our European problems that they stand aloof. They don't want to give any sign that they are involved: and so, last week, their Secretary of State made no protest to Germany against the breach of the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty with Germany, but contented himself with a brief statement to the newspapers that America stood for the sanctity of treaties. Just that, and no more. The American people are opposed to the Treaty of Versailles, but they dislike Herr Hitler even more, and they think that Europe hasn't treated them fairly over War Debts. There doesn't seem to be much over here that they *do* like: so they keep themselves to themselves, even to the extent, as you all remember, of refusing to join the World Court. And they are trying to make neutrality a permanent American policy, so that they will never be driven to go to war in defence of their right to trade with belligerents in any war. The State Department is at this moment composing a resolution, for the President to submit to the Senate, forbidding any American citizen to lend money or sell munitions to any belligerent. And at the same time, there is a proposal 'to take the profit out of war' by limiting war-time salaries to £2,000 a year and restricting the profit of companies

supplying war material to three per cent. In these ways America would seek to make war unprofitable and unpopular.

But there are two things that don't seem to tally with all this. There is, first of all, the repeated declaration of the American Government that, when Europe proves her good faith by achieving an effective limitation of armaments, America will not only join in a consultative pact for the maintenance of peace but will promise not to insist on her neutral rights when collective measures are taken by common consent against an aggressor. The American Government probably understands quite well what President Wilson meant when he said that there must either be no war or no neutrals; and, as far as this means war on a big scale, he was pretty nearly right.

This seems to show America in two minds: and that is true. It is still truer to say that, as long as America remains undecided, our policy as a whole must be one of caution. But where we need not be cautious, where in fact we can go ahead with some confidence, is just precisely in those plans of security and the reduction of arms which are being discussed in Berlin at this moment. For if we succeed in making a new beginning of hope in Europe, we have a better chance of getting some measure of American co-operation than in any other way. This is not much: but it is the little that is better than nothing.

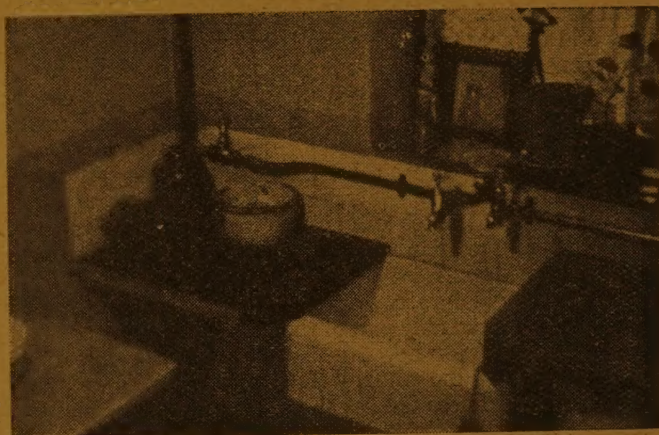
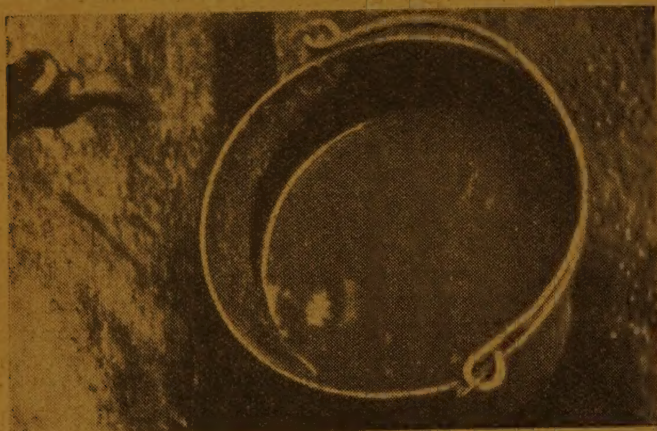
But that is not the whole of the American story. For, if the American public is ardently in favour of peace, just as you are, the American Government, with the support of Congress, is spending a great deal of money on armaments, and the American Fleet will carry out this year in the Pacific the most impressive naval manoeuvres on record. And when America spends money on armaments, she is thinking mostly of the Pacific where a new era is opening. Japan ceases to be a member of the League of Nations on March 27, the day after tomorrow. Japan has denounced the London Naval Treaty of 1930, which requires the parties to it to meet this year to make a new one if possible: but as the possibility of an agreement between America, Great Britain and Japan seems remote, the treaty will expire on December 31, 1936, failing such agreement. I am not going to discuss the details of that treaty tonight, nor the problems which the naval powers in the Pacific must solve before they can succeed in making a new treaty. All I ask you to note is that America is preparing to meet the situation which will arise if no new treaty is made before the end of 1936.

And that brings us to the Far East, which we are now going to look at as it affects Russia—and through Russia, Germany—and through Germany, the whole of Europe. You will remember that there were war clouds in the Far East last year, when it looked as if Russia might be driven to resist the advance of Japan in Manchuria and Mongolia. And perhaps you will remember, too, some of the things I told you about the situation at the end of January. So I repeat nothing of that now, but take you straight to the heart of the defence problem of the Soviet Union, with Japan on one side, and Germany on the other. We have seen Russia yielding to Japan, first by selling the Chinese Eastern Railway, and now by consenting to discuss with Japan the withdrawal of troops from the borders of Manchuria. There are two reasons for this: first, because she has so much to do in completing her internal programme that she will make great sacrifices to avoid war with anyone just now; and second, because she regards the tension between herself and Germany as more dangerous than anything Japan can or will do to her interests in the Far East. There is thus the possibility of at least a temporary settlement with Japan which will enable Russia to concentrate her attention on her own western frontiers towards Germany. In the Far East this gives Japan a comparatively free hand, the consequences of which we can discuss another night. But it also brings the Russo-German problem right into the centre of the picture, both as a factor in the Far East, and as a vital part of our problem in Europe.

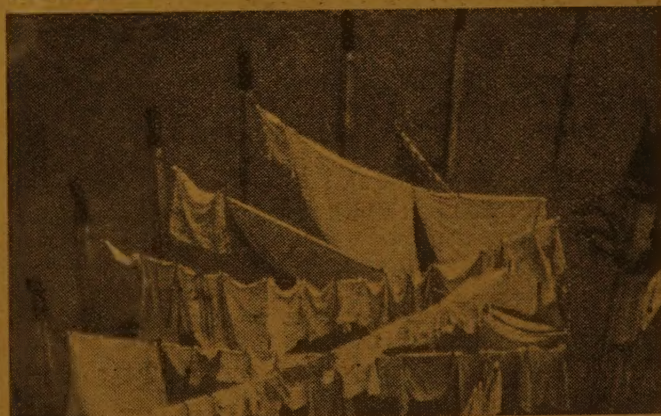
St. Pancras Films its Housing Problems



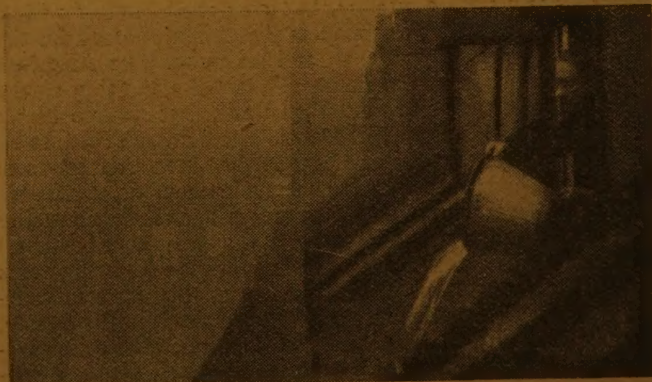
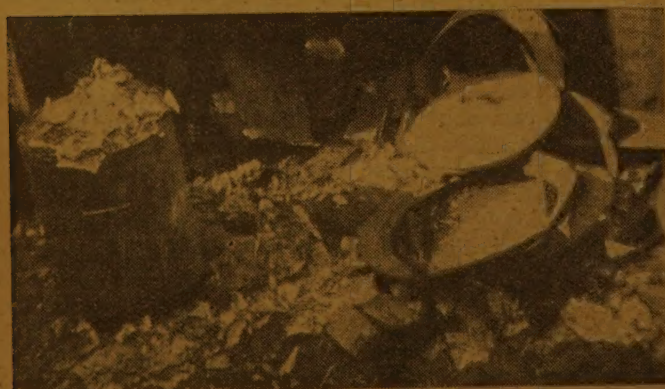
From slum court to working-class flat



The pail gives way to the sink

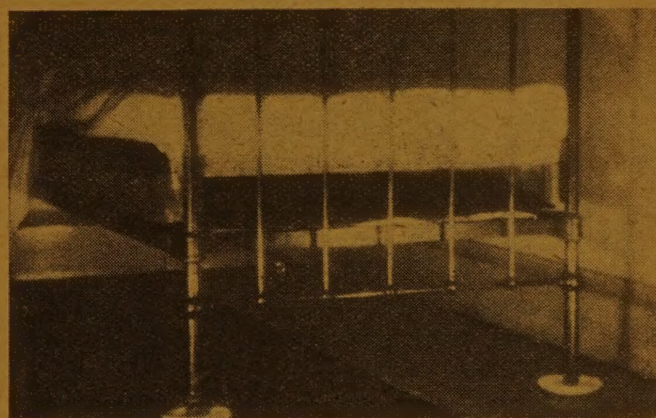
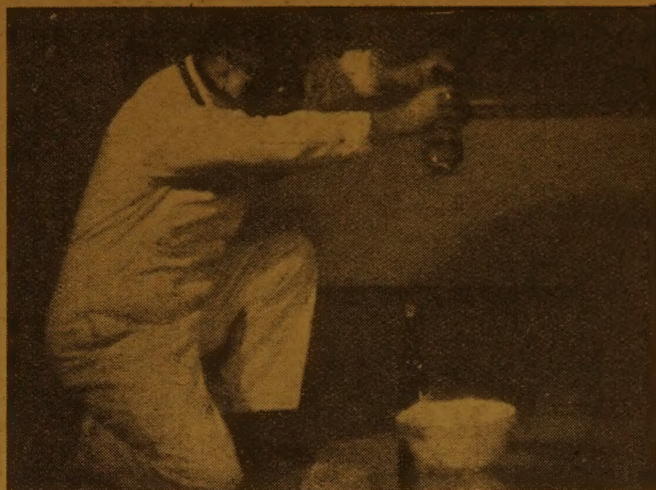


Haphazard and planned drying of the week's washing

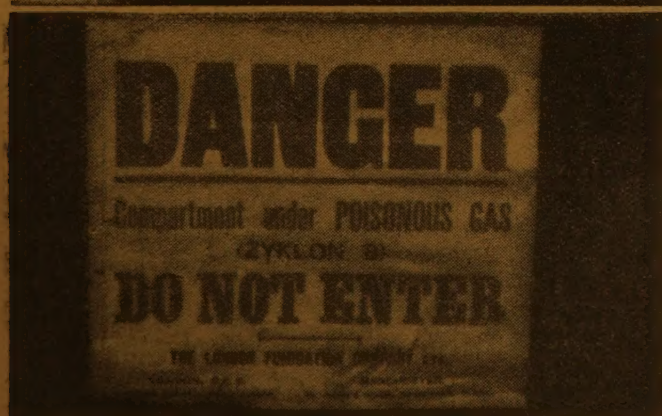


These methods of refuse disposal are now being superseded by dust shoots

Dealing with the Bug Menace



Scientific fumigation and spraying supersede the housewife's saucers of paraffin

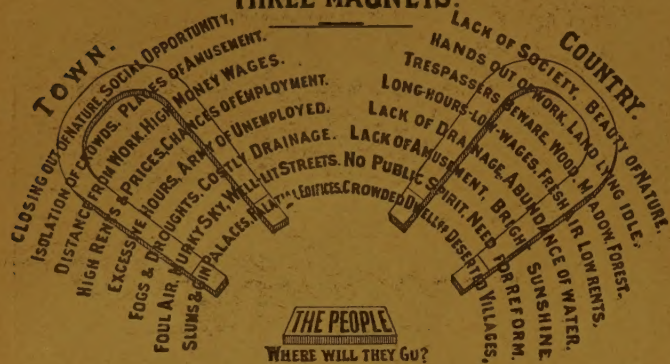


How bugs are carried from house to house in furniture vans (upper left); prevention by fumigation in special van (upper right), which bears the notice (lower left); and workers in gas-masks unloading the furniture after treatment (lower right)

Nineteenth-Century Housing—

A selection from the Exhibits now on view at the new premises of the Housing Centre, at 13 Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1

THE THREE MAGNETS.



Rural housing in the 'forties: (above) insanitary Northumbrian cottages; (below) model cottages at Harlaxton, Lincs.

Propaganda for Suburbia in 1902: the dawn of the garden-city movement



Beginnings of town planning: a suggestion by Capt. Vetch made in 1842 for the future extension of Birmingham 'upon principles of general convenience and utility'



Model house for four families, erected at the Great Exhibition, 1851, by order of the Prince Consort

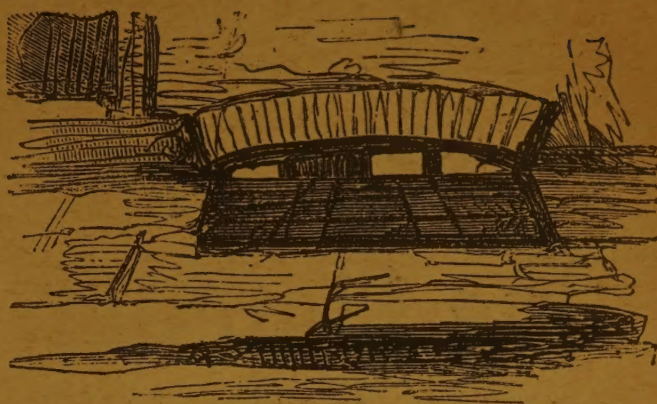


From 'Life of Octavia Hill', by C. Edmund Maurice (Macmillan)
Model cottages in Southwark built by Octavia Hill and opened in June, 1887

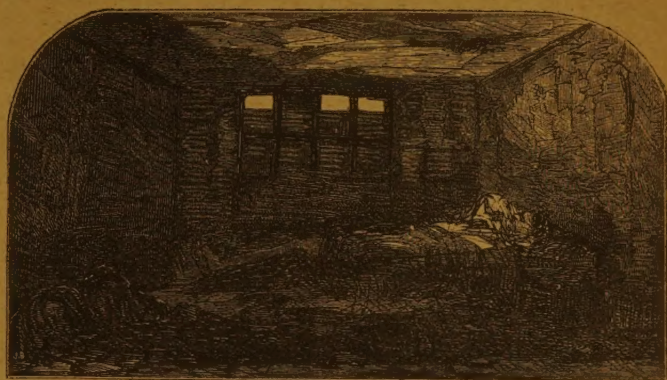
—Ideals and Realities



Pitmen's dwellings in the North in 1864



An infant nursery in 1864: damp, undrained and ill-lighted



A cellar-dwelling in Bethnal Green in 1864: (above) exterior; (below) (interior)



Ordinary (above) and model (below) lodging houses, c. 1855



Water supply in Fryingpan Alley, Clerkenwell, in 1864



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

Information Service for the Unemployed

ELEVEN years ago the Inter-departmental Committee on Public Assistance Administration reported that, in its view, 'much avoidable dissatisfaction with the working of the public assistance services is due largely to the ignorance of the average citizen as to the forms of assistance available and as to the conditions under which they may be obtained'. The causes of this dissatisfaction have not decreased since 1924; last summer the Master of Balliol, summing up the 'Time to Spare' talks, emphasised the point that many of the hardships of the unemployed men and women who had broadcast were due to a gap between what the State intends should happen and what actually does happen. The Report quoted above recommended the appointment of Information Officers, not identified with any one of the services, but in close touch with people engaged in all of them, to give information and assistance to individual applicants. It is at something of this sort that the B.B.C. has been aiming with its experiment of 'Question Time for the Unemployed' talks, which Mr. Richard Clements has been broadcasting every week for the last three months. In his twelve talks, Mr. Clements has given simple explanations of the work of the principal services based on the Social Service Acts; he has touched on such questions as the Industrial Transference Scheme, the 1934 Unemployment Act and the February Standstill Order, Old Age pensions, pensions for blind persons, the Rent Restrictions Act, juvenile training centres, industrial assurance. He has invited questions, and promised individual replies to each questioner—a promise that could only be realised through the co-operation of the National Council of Social Service, which has provided the machinery for dealing with the shower of letters that the talks provoked. For they have showered; over 400 after the first talk, over 900 after the second (on the 1934 Unemployment Act), and an average of between five and six hundred in every subsequent week. Questions have been asked about insurance, pensions, rights of landlord and tenant, hire purchase, workmen's compensation, etc. Some of the questions, which had been raised by a number of

listeners, could be given a general answer at the microphone, but the majority called for a detailed individual reply. Technical queries about the working of acts and regulations that apply all over the country were answered after consultation with the appropriate Ministries, or the Unemployment Assistance Board. Certainly without access to various experts in Whitehall and elsewhere such an information service could not be carried out. But many of the questions required a personal interview or local knowledge to clear up matters of fact. Wherever possible, queries of this kind were referred back to people on the spot—councils of social service, poor men's lawyers, ministers, the British Legion, etc., who hardly ever refused their co-operation. Mr. Clements urged his listeners to use those agencies which are already at work on the problem—for instance, referring trade unionists to their union officials, who are always willing to give members help and advice in these matters.

It was not, of course, possible to provide every questioner with a satisfactory solution to his difficulty; but a great number have been helped to claim their statutory rights, or to have their hardships alleviated by local help. Here are concrete examples. One man recovers three weeks' wages from a former employer; another gets arrears of unemployment benefit from last August. One family finds it is not bound to pay the higher rent suddenly demanded by its landlord; another discovers that a house agent threatening a mortgage on the home is acting outside his rights. An unemployed man's invalid wife gets an order for milk from the District Medical Officer; a blind woman finds herself entitled to a pension. The sort of help the service has given is perhaps best summed up in a letter from a woman who was told how to apply for a widow's pension; 'Naturally one does not know about these things when life goes along smoothly, but when one is up against it, so to speak, we are glad of any information'. The effects of the service cannot always be measured by a practical standard; one woman, whose husband had been out of work for four years, writes that 'We feel at least someone is trying their best to do something for us and others who are similarly placed. It is the feeling of being alone and thinking no one is bothered that gets one feeling downhearted and sad'.

Now that the three months experimental period is over, the service has been suspended in order to assess results and see whether it will be possible to continue it in a more permanent form. We hope before long to be able to announce the plans for its future development. In the meantime, it is an experiment to be watched, not only for the actual results achieved in this particular field, but as an indication of the potentialities of a new type of service, where the B.B.C. provides the platform and publicity, and a national organisation—of the type of the Council of Social Service—sees to the practical working details which lie beyond the province of the B.B.C.

Week by Week

THE Government proposes to ask Parliament to vote £6,000 as a contribution for the coming year towards the expenses of the newly-formed British Council for Relations with Other Countries. This Council is a widely representative body which is being created in order to fulfil what has long been an obvious and sometimes a glaring gap in our national arrangements. Its purpose will be to make it as easy as possible for foreign nations to form true views about Great Britain. A number of excellent organisations (those dealing with South America were discussed in our leading article last week) are already in existence, like the British Library of Information in New York and the British Institute in Florence. But what there has not been hitherto is a central organisation which can feed and support

local organisations, can initiate them, or can work directly from London. It is only recently that the importance of the tourist, both from the point of view of revenue and of spreading interest in British activities and ways of doing things, has received recognition and organised care. But tourists are very few compared to the mass of foreigners who, while engaging in activities which one way or another considerably affect ourselves, have only the sketchiest and often the most erroneous notions about what we are like. When the Bodleian Library Commission was visiting foreign libraries, the Head of a very important French library, in showing them proudly his glass roof, said 'Of course you could never have anything of this type in Oxford, because of the snow'. The Council is being composed of men representative of a wide range of interest, and leaders of the iron and steel trades will sit side by side with the Poet Laureate. Inevitably, as the work gains momentum, other interests not at present explicitly covered will have a claim to be represented. The Colonies, and British Tropical Administrations, are cases in point. They are a subject about which foreign countries are content to hold the crudest and most unflattering notions. All modern problems tend less and less to lend themselves to slogan treatment. Brief phrases like 'perfidious Albion' may be useful to crystallise dislike but goodwill can only be won and held by more sustained description. To explain Great Britain, to co-operate with those bodies which various foreign countries like Sweden already maintain, from their side, in their effort to facilitate intercourse with a country which looms so large in world trade and politics, and to devise ways and means not merely for correcting in a negative sense misrepresentations, but of arousing favourable interest, will be a costly as well as a difficult job. The typical activities of the Council will be things which must be done well if at all. Cheap publicity, bad lecturers, the undignified representation of British activities, would be worse than nothing at all.

That broadcasting in South Africa can best be carried on by the formation of a public corporation to take over and develop the work of the present African Broadcasting Company, is the main feature of the report which has been presented to General Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union, by the Director-General of the B.B.C. According to the Report, the five essential characteristics of this form of organisation are: public control over major policy; no public or political interference in management; the right area (in economic and other respects) of operation; disinterestedness; and expertness. With regard to public control, the Report proposes that this should be exercised in regard to general policy by the Governor-General-in-Council, and in regard to technical policy by the Postmaster-General. The management of the Corporation should be in the hands of a board of six or seven persons (including one woman) to be appointed by the Governor-General. The members of this board need not be experts in broadcasting so much as individuals of high standing in the community, experience in dealing with men and affairs, and of wide general interests. The Report recommends that the collaboration of experts should be enlisted for service on advisory committees to help in framing programmes. A progressive talks policy, including subjects of current controversy, development of school broadcasting, and the broadcasting of religious services are stressed as important features of programme policy. Special attention should be given to using broadcasting to ameliorate and develop the social life of the native races of South Africa. 'For the Kraal native it might be possible to develop the use of wireless at the local trading store in church or mission buildings and in schools which are also community centres'. In conclusion, the report points out that 'no listener can expect to be satisfied all the time, to be entertained or edified precisely when and how he or she desires'. 'A right appreciation of listeners' needs is a particular requisite if there are to be listeners, but this does not necessarily imply the expressed wishes of a quarter of a million listeners nor even the presumed wishes of a presumed average listener. Broadcasters are appointed to execute a high commission and they cannot bend to every breeze of criticism that blows. With every desire to ascertain the wishes of listeners, with no complacency—still less autocracy—in their outlook, they

must be fit and prepared to lead. They must not fear to let idealism play its worthy part; for the long view is not necessarily coincident with the popular view. The creation of precedents is more satisfactory than the search for and submission to them'.

At the moment a movement is afoot to make pictures more generally available for people of ordinary means. The methods adopted are roughly of two kinds: hire-purchase schemes and picture libraries. Most of the responsible galleries have for years been willing to meet their clients in the matter of terms and instalments; but a short time ago, Tooth's, in London, launched out with a special exhibition of pictures to be sold expressly on the hire-purchase system. Initial and monthly payments are quoted in the catalogue just as for wireless sets or washing machines, and the resultant sales have been surprisingly numerous. Apparently, the public is by no means averse to buying pictures if it thinks it can afford them. The practice of lending pictures is also not entirely new. An arrangement of this sort has been in vogue among the wealthy connoisseurs in New York for a number of years; and British galleries have lent pictures often enough to schools, colleges, public galleries, and even theatres. But it is only within the last year or two that facilities have been available in this country for circulating pictures to private subscribers at a comparatively reasonable cost. The library at Lewis's, in Manchester, has been running for something like fifteen months, with about 100 subscribers and something like 600 pictures. The lending department of the Russell-Cotes Gallery, in Bournemouth, has concentrated chiefly on pictures by local artists, and has by now upwards of eighty subscribers. Last week the Wertheim Gallery opened an exhibition of paintings which it proposes to lend out on the basis of a yearly subscription; and a group of younger artists under the secretaryship of Miss Felicity Arnold is inaugurating a similar scheme from a private address*. From the point of view of the subscriber there is a great deal to be said for the picture library. It is pleasant to be able to change one's pictures from time to time, and to get to know a number of works which one does not necessarily wish to live with all one's life. Some of the circulating galleries may not be entirely innocent of the expectation that their clients will now and then take such a fancy for a borrowed picture that they will want to buy it outright. But, meanwhile, the pictures are being seen, and more people are learning that it is possible to have quite good paintings on one's walls without having to be a millionaire to pay for them.

It has long been common knowledge that films made for sophisticated European audiences are not suitable for the less developed peoples of Asia and Africa. Even films of instructional character lose a great part of their value when the instruction has to be conveyed through the persons of actors of another race and colour, living in surroundings wholly unfamiliar to the audience. The International Missionary Council, through its Department of Social and Industrial Research, has arrived at the conclusion that native peoples need films of their own, acted by persons of their own race. So the Council has now secured a grant of £11,000 from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, for the purpose of establishing an experimental film-producing studio in Tanganyika to make both instructional and recreational films based on African life with African actors. These films are to be shown to native audiences in Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Kenya, and Tanganyika, with the object of helping the African by means of the film to adapt himself to the new ideas, morals, customs and laws according to which his life has more and more to be ordered. Anthropologists, Government administrators and missionaries will all co-operate to make the experiment fruitful. The experiment will be directed from London by Mr. J. Merle Davis, Director of the Department of Industrial and Social Research, with the assistance of an advisory council set up by the British Film Institute, and with the support of the Colonial Office. There will be two units, a production unit and an exhibition unit. The films will be provided with a talking commentary recorded on discs, separate discs being used for each different native language. Two years will be required to complete the first experiment.

*Flat 10, 7 West Bolton Gardens, S.W.5

Trudging Along

By RAYMOND SWING

Broadcast from New York on March 19 in co-operation with the Columbia network

NOTHING could illustrate better the distance between the United States and Europe than the relative calm on our side over Herr Hitler's repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles. By 'calm' I don't mean that the newspapers aren't full of it: if anything, there is a greater certainty of war in Europe today, judging from our newspapers, than there was after the assassination at Serajevo in June, 1914. But the excitement is in the domain of printers' ink; we are observers, not participants, in this crisis.

The 'Relief' Situation

The newspapers are full of the news from Europe, but the news from Washington is read with much more interest, and, better still, no news of troubles of any sort is more to the public liking; for people are tired even of the confusing chronicle of events in Washington. That chronicle has been anything but exhilarating—with two months of wrestling and hardly a single first-class measure passed by both Houses of Congress. The deadlock over the question of wages on public works has been broken, but the President's Security legislation, which was to give us our start on Unemployment Insurance and Old Age Pensions, is still in the Committee stage. Most of the State Legislatures have adjourned, or are on the point of adjourning, so that State laws, which are essential to any Security Programme, can hardly be passed this year unless the States have special sessions. Most State Legislatures will not meet again for two years, and there may not be a nationwide beginning with actual social insurance until early 1938. So we are committed either to State relief or relief by public works for some years to come.

The President intends to take care of our era of public works, but everyone knows it is going to be very difficult. And speaking of relief, I want you to look at the figures with me for a moment, because they are compiled in a way to lead to quite incorrect conclusions. Take the figure where about 21 million persons are receiving relief. It would be a mistake to read this as meaning that these 21 millions are wholly dependent on relief: it simply means that this number is receiving something. If a family is getting a few pairs of shoes, it is chalked up with the family which gets everything. Many families are receiving only free coal. But if you want to know how many persons are wholly dependent on relief you must make your own guess, for nobody in the Federal Relief Administration knows, or will hazard an estimate. We do know the average amount of relief paid to the average family: it is almost exactly £5 a month. That would be for a family of father, mother, and two minor children. This is the average for the whole United States; in some States it is considerably less. In the South, for instance, the average is as low as £3 to £3 10s. a month; in other districts it goes as high as £8. But this is the average figure, and includes those who get everything and those who may get only shoes or coal. So the relief situation is hard to describe.

Helped Out by Barter

The Federal Government foots about half the bill, and the States and cities pay the rest. The money, however, in most cases is not administered by the Federal Government, but by the States. Yet the States have had to establish machinery to deal with it and have had to improvise their organisations. In all instances the organisation is based primarily on the professional social workers: they interview the family, determine its needs, and then recommend action. Full relief may go as high as £12 a month per family in some places in the East, and £6 to £8 a month in the South and West.

There is no registration at some central office by recipients of relief themselves; no official connection between the unemployment and relief: no tie-up with Labour Exchanges—we have no Labour Exchanges. A destitute person goes to relief headquarters, asks for help, is investigated (usually quite promptly and competently), and then takes what is allotted to him. He doesn't necessarily receive relief in cash—he may only receive cheques which can be used at the grocer's or coal-dealer's. It varies from place to place, but he doesn't get it without working for it if work can be found on some relief project.

Now a relief project is not the same as public work. It is an undertaking planned chiefly with an eye to creating the most possible jobs. About two million adults on relief get their money by working on such projects. They don't work full time. It is like this. If a man is a bricklayer who would be paid four shillings an hour on a private job, and if he is qualified to draw, say, £8 a month in relief, he works forty hours a month laying bricks on the relief project—that is 160 shillings divided by four. In one State—Ohio—the relief organisation has extended this system. It has leased factories where the unemployed work, and where a man, after working long enough to earn his relief, can go on working, and for this extra time he establishes a credit with which he can buy more than he otherwise would receive. He works overtime making things; other men and women work overtime making things; and by working overtime the worker gets the right to buy what the others make. He buys, not with money, but with work. That is a kind of primitive barter system—a sort of private economy inside our public economy.

Accepting Responsibility for the Destitute

I say there is no strict connection between the unemployed, as such, and relief. The estimate is that only about half the unemployed are receiving public relief of any sort. Now that is an interesting estimate. It shows that more than five million persons, though out of work for quite a long time, are still living from savings or by the help of relations—chiefly, I should say, by the help of relations. It also suggests that as their savings melt away, or their relations grow poorer, an increasing number of persons will need relief even after employment has begun to improve. It also shows the distinction in thought between this country and England, in that a person here who is out of work does not consider himself entitled, on that account, to receive a fixed sum from his State or the Federal Government. Relief is State charity, and its recipients are handled by charity workers. The difference between today and ten years ago, before there was any Federal relief, is that the charity is now paid in part by the Federal Government, and that this is an accepted principle. This is a fundamental change—some persons consider it the profoundest change accomplished under the Roosevelt administration. As a nation we have accepted, for the first time in our history, a national responsibility for destitute people.

An improvement in employment is now setting in—slowly, to be sure, and due chiefly to seasonal influences. We have about 11 million unemployed, which includes everybody—agricultural labour and domestic servants, who, as you know, don't show in your British unemployment figure. A year ago there was a general optimism that this figure was going to fall rapidly this year, because of a building boom; but the optimism is now very much tempered. There is a vast field for slum clearance in America, yet the actual projects under construction by the P.W.A.—the Public Works Administration—come to less than £3 millions. Projects in preparation and already announced

come to nearly £20 millions scattered over 17 cities. These all are projects for what we call 'low-rental homes' which it would not be profitable to build by private enterprise.

The Federal Housing Administration has been set up to plan and help to finance projects for somewhat more expensive homes; but here, too, there isn't any boom in prospect. All told, the Federal Housing Administration has plans for 176 projects, and they will cost roughly about £400,000 each. Now, if all of them are carried through, that will mean the spending of about £70 millions: so, for the whole country, in low-cost housing and slum clearance and in profit-making projects, we are not likely to see spent much more than £100 millions of Federal money this year, which, in terms of a population of the size of Great Britain would be less than £40 millions. For America, with a spending mentality, £100 millions is not a large sum.

The Pre-Fabricated House

If it surprises you that we should be doing so little for slum clearance, let me explain one or two of the difficulties. If it is decided to build in a district, the value of land shoots up, and it takes time to condemn land for building purposes. Cities which were going to contribute a share of the money probably have borrowed all they can under their State constitutions, and they have to wait for special legislation. Well, the net result has been that if money is to be spent swiftly, housing is felt to be one of the poorest ways of doing it.

Then there has been another disappointment. People

dreamed a year or two ago that the pre-fabricated house might be the next phase of industrial expansion, and thus lift us by a miracle out of the depression. Steel houses, made in parts and put together in units, have been perfected. A model house of this kind is right now on exhibit in New York. It is fitted with everything in the way of modern conveniences you ever heard of—and much more besides. There is a combined system for heating the air in winter and cooling it in summer; there is an electric refrigerator, an electric dish-washer, a built-in wireless, a perfection of plumbing in both kitchen and bath-room; the floor is of a new substance made of sawdust—it looks like lino; the steel walls are insulated against heat and cold; the house can be put together in a few days, and it is supplied with everything but furniture, with enough food in the larder to run a family for 3 days. The designs are really quite pleasing, but the cost is too high to promise a boom. It is a little over £160 a room.

Some day mass production may bring the cost much lower and solve the problem of varying tastes at the same time. But the pre-fabricated house has not saved us this year—and this is the year we needed it if there was to be a short cut to Recovery. So now we look down the more prosaic road, and we are trudging along.

[The above is a report taken from a blattnerphone record. At the time of going to press we have not received a confirmatory script from America, and cannot therefore guarantee the literal accuracy of everything in our report.]

Steuben Glass from America



Brandy-snifters, now on view at the exhibition of Steuben Glass from America, which was opened last week by Lord Lee of Fareham at the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street, W.1

Current Imperial Affairs

Meat Imports from the Empire

By H. V. HODSON

THE Empire problem that has been foremost in the news in the last week or two—and it is likely to be still more prominent in the near future—is that of meat imports into Great Britain. It is an Empire problem, not merely because two or three of the chief meat-exporting countries happen to be British Dominions, but also because the kind of solution that we choose, and the way in which we set about finding it, are going to be important for the whole future of imperial and economic relations.

Result of the Ottawa Agreement

You will remember that at the Ottawa Conference in 1932 the Dominion Governments pressed us to impose an import tax on foreign beef and mutton, so as to give them a preference in this market. (By the way, when in this talk I say 'mutton', you may take it as short for 'mutton and lamb'.) But instead of putting a tax on foreign meat the Government agreed on the principle that imports of foreign meat were to be cut down on the quota system, and that in return Australia and New Zealand would regulate their exports to us. It was part of the contract that we should not clap any import tax on meat from those two Dominions before August, 1937. That was the Ottawa Agreement. Then a little later, we made an agreement with Argentina, the chief foreign competitor, whereby she was to cut down her beef exports to this country by ten per cent. and her mutton exports by twenty per cent. We promised her, in return, that we should levy no import duties on foreign meat before November, 1936. The Dominions voluntarily agreed at the same time to cut down their mutton exports by ten per cent.

What happened? One striking result was that last year, while we imported three per cent. less mutton than in 1933, we paid fourteen per cent. more money for it. Perhaps that result was not due entirely to the restriction, but it was at least partly due to it. The British consumer seems to be the loser, while the gainers are the British farmer, and apparently the overseas farmer too. But there's a snag for the overseas farmer. In order to get the higher price he has to cut down his output. That is not an easy thing to organise, as you can imagine; what is more, all the public capital works in the Dominions like roads and railways have been built on the assumption that production was going to expand, not diminish.

That is one of the problems that will have to be tackled in the discussions on long-term policy which are to take place between the British Government and the representatives of the Dominions, when they arrive to take part in the King's Jubilee celebrations. In the meantime, the Government has helped the British cattle farmer by giving a subsidy on cattle sold for the slaughter. Naturally, it does not want to have to go on finding the money for a subsidy out of general revenue, so it has put forward a plan for imposing a levy on imports of meat—a higher levy on foreign meat than on meat from the Dominions—and using the proceeds to help the British beef-farmer. But remember that we have promised Argentina not to impose an import tax (and a levy is only a different name for it) until November of next year, and that the same promise to the Dominions does not expire until August, 1937. So we cannot compel either Argentina or the Dominions to accept our plan immediately, but we can always hold over them the possibility, if they will not voluntarily forgo their rights, of our having to impose a quota restriction on imports of beef.

What Australia and New Zealand Think

We have been negotiating with the Dominions by cable and through their High Commissioners for a good many months now. I am afraid that as yet the discussions have brought us to no conclusion. Both Australia and New Zealand have objected strongly against the proposal for an import levy. If you want to know why they object, look at the problem, so to speak, in the mirror, and imagine, say, the Canadian Government asking us to agree voluntarily to a tax on Lancashire

cotton goods entering Canada, the proceeds of which would be used to subsidise the Canadian cotton manufacturer. A still higher tax would be placed on Japanese and other foreign cottons, but the proceeds of that too would go to subsidise our Canadian competitors. I do not think we should be any more agreeable than the Dominions are towards the proposal to tax their meat in order to subsidise their competitors in Great Britain. On the whole, they probably prefer the plan of quota restriction, which at least is calculated to raise the prices they receive. But in that case they argue that in fairness the British farmer ought to be restricted also.

The New Zealand Government has expressed its objections in a long written reply which you will find if you turn back to the newspapers of March 9. The British proposal, in its view, was inequitable because 'New Zealand is least able among supplying countries to bear the disproportionate and onerous burden of a levy'. Those were the words. It pointed out that New Zealand's meat exports amounted to one quarter of her total exports, and added a warning that if this tax were imposed on her meat, New Zealand might have to consider increasing her tariff on British manufactures.

But the sting of the New Zealand reply was in the tail. Bear in mind, while you read the last paragraph, that we promised at Ottawa not to impose duties on meat from the Dominions while the agreements were still in force.

Finally, we would emphasise very definitely that any contemplated action which may be construed as undermining the principles underlying the Ottawa Agreement should be avoided, and before the Ottawa Agreement as it stands is amended a formal conference should consider and approve of any alteration.

New Zealand's case is that the arrangement about meat was an integral part of the whole Ottawa Agreement, and that you can't attack the part without destroying the whole. It was the chief British delegate to Ottawa, Mr. Baldwin, who described the purpose of the Ottawa Conference as being 'to clear out the channels of trade among ourselves'. I don't think we can claim that an import levy on Dominion meat—however advisable it may be for the purpose of protecting the British farmer—does anything to clear out the channels of trade in the Empire.

A Question Affecting the Future of Empire

That is why the New Zealand Government's proposal for a general conference is so persuasive and so important. We cannot deal with these questions of Empire trade haphazardly. We ought to be guided, in dealing with them, by some long-term principle—if not the principle of clearing out the channels of trade, then some other. What is more, we cannot take a decision about trade without affecting a great many other matters—currency, and capital investment in the Dominions, and emigration. All these questions must be discussed as a whole, or we may find ourselves, for instance, with a policy about emigration which is quite contradictory to our policy about buying the goods that the emigrants produce. In short, we cannot discuss the question of meat imports without making up our minds about the whole economic future of the British Empire.

The fourth of the papers published by the Archbishop of York's Committee on Unemployment contains a statement of principles by the Archbishop under the title, *The Wage-less: A Social Asset* (price 3d.). In this pamphlet the Archbishop urges that Christians reviewing the facts are bound to reach two convictions: first, that the present industrial and social order in certain respects that concern its structure is at variance with Christian principles; and second, that there is an opportunity offered by unemployment itself to begin the remedying of these evils. The best of the unemployed clubs which have been brought into being 'reveal the beginnings of a most fruitful phase of social progress, and extraordinarily rapid expansion of the movement in the past two years suggests the vastness of the opportunity before us'.

The Artist and his Public

The Flight From the Picture

By D. S. MacCOLL

I AM invited, as a veteran in the dangerous trade of critic, to put on the wig and sum up. To sum up is not to pronounce judgment; it is to indicate hitherto accepted law and submit to the jury doubtful points in evidence and arguments they have heard, with some freedom for *obiter dicta*. Mr. Newton's exposition of the law is, in my judgment, both able and fundamentally sound, though not without contradictions.

The Law

1. Our main position is that picture-painting, the art he chiefly discussed, has been an art of Representation—images of men, other creatures and things in a section of space; abstract images always, in greater or lesser degree, because the artist cannot cope, if he would, with the infinity of Nature, and must submit to the nature of paint. The richer image and the more emphatic restricted image are the competing ideals. Against that understanding there has been a revolution, a revolt against the representation of Man and Nature, and a substitution of something else. We may put it more fully that there has been a progressive Flight from the Picture, beginning with part Evacuation, an emptying-out, going on to Disintegration, a breaking-up, and ending in Repudiation. Whatever we call this final stage, it is inconvenient and confusing to call it a picture. That is not to condemn it for what it is, but to recognise it as something, whether new or old, that is non-pictorial. A good deal of fog, hot temper and solemn fuss clears away if we do that.

2. Being representational, it follows that picture-painting is double-sided. Our delight in it depends not only on beauty but upon meaning or significance. It is not what they call a 'pure' art. That word 'pure', as used by Fry and other critics, is a question-begging one; it suggests that in partnership there is something illicit or unclean. Say, then, 'single' or 'spinsterly'; for the union of beauty and meaning in a picture is closer than a partnership; rather a marriage, engendering a satisfaction in which two become inextricably one.

Mr. Newton is fortunately not a Puritan. He wavers a little, speaking of 'alloy' and 'compromise' and of a picture's whole job being 'aesthetic'. But in his excellent diagram he divides painter's vision into what he calls 'aesthetic' vision and 'human' vision, and he adds that in great painting there is a balance of the two. I should subjoin that if we allot the word 'aesthetic' to the side of beauty, we want a missing word to denote design on the side of meaning, the choice and order of attitude, gesture and expression; the lowering or heightening of feeling. If we call the sublimity of Michelangelo or the nobility of Paul Veronese 'great', we must use another word for the perfection of Chardin on a less exalted level. Cézanne in that scale is neither great nor perfect; he is delightful for colour and breadth of visibility, in spite of imperfections, such as his confessed astigmatism, or the unstable equilibrium of the apples in the booklet illustration, and the dislocation of planes, the saucer not being, as was intended, on the table. There is a lapse of that kind in the illustration of a greater artist, Nicolas Poussin, where the soldier, in the 'Massacre of the Innocents', is not doing what he was meant to do. The blow he is aiming with his sword would strike the ground at least a yard beyond the baby, and if it were aimed to reach its object would cut off the soldier's own foot along with the innocent's head.

These, then, have been the central laws of the picture, and the two great heresies are of those who say that painting is all for beauty, and those who say, like Tolstoy, that it should be all for edification.

One more preliminary note. Mr. Newton, like other contemporaries, is shy of the word 'beauty'; he prefers to speak of 'form' or 'rhythm'. But he must say 'beautiful form' or 'beautiful rhythm', and there is still colour to include. The word is inevitable, ultimate, undefinable in narrower terms. He also speaks of beauty in nature as 'different in kind' from beauty in art. Surely not: when we see beauty in nature, we are engaged in the initial stage of picturemaking, selecting material from the raw for a dish which the painter gives us ready cooked.

Deuteronomy and 'Genesis'

There is, however, as he rightly insists, ambiguity in our use of the word 'beauty': we speak of a lovely and desirable woman

as 'beautiful', of a wrinkled hag as 'plain' or 'ugly'. For the painter the rhythmical consistency of either has its beauty, and may go to the organising of a beautiful picture. What about the object we call, by the same shorthand of speech, 'repulsive'? In spite of its rhythmic consistency, its attractions of shape and colour, as such, is it ruled out for a subject by its meaning, its disagreeable associations? This is the question brought up by Mr. Hollowell in the matter of Epstein's 'Genesis'. Mr. Newton tells him that Epstein 'had to do it'; meaning, I take it, that he was plastically interested in the form and biologically fascinated by the function of the ape-woman, thrusting forward a monstrous pregnancy. But what Mr. Hollowell really wants to ask is, 'Do I have to look at it?' Well, I say, 'No', if he does not feel that a repellent object has been ransomed as a sculptor's subject. To the vegetarian, or to any of us who stop to think, a beefsteak is a disgusting object, a bleeding fragment of butchery. Yet it has the appeal of colour as a still-life subject, and, ransomed by hunger and cooking, becomes for most people very attractive. But no one has to eat it, if his stomach rebels, and only those are bound to occupy themselves with the literal disfigurement of pregnancy for whom it is redeemed by affection or by the duty of the surgeon and nurse.

'Original' (=New) and 'Original' (=Old)

Now we are free to take account of the remaining speakers, and first, Mr. Wilenski. Mr. Wilenski, if we take him at his word, is a wild heretic of the Tolstoy faith, with a difference. Like a Victorian parent, he demands of the artist his intentions: for him purpose or tendency is everything. He scrutinises all that with very great acumen; but the moment some fraction of the import is no longer up to date, or out of fashion, the work of art is obsolete; it is ticketed and tidied away, matter for the museums that store the history of cultures, of man's changing shell. The critic is breathlessly engaged in registering today what will be dead tomorrow. But for most of us the trace of the artist's thought or instinct remains perpetually valuable at least so far as it resulted in beauty. The snail's purpose or instinct of protection persists lastingly in the lovely whorl of his shell, when the snail is dead and gone; and as lastingly when man has adapted it to his shell in the capital of an Ionic column, or turned the spiral steps of a palace on a hint from the Royal Staircase Wentletrap, however the precise uses of temple or palace building may have varied in the ebb and flow of human beliefs and desires. But beauty seems to be ruled out by our sceptic; leaving the artistically ugly with as great a claim on our scientific curiosity. What then is the criterion of those intentions, which Mr. Wilenski begins by calling good and bad? For Tolstoy the criterion is moral goodness and badness and their communicability to the simple peasant. By Mr. Wilenski they are judged not as wholesome or noxious, but merely as original or derivative. The greater the deviation then, the greater would appear to be the art; the prize goes to the freak. Transfer this rule to human beings. A child born without a nose or other features or limbs, or microcephalous, is 'original' compared with the normal, and some modernist sculpture is original enough in that sense. There is an infinite number of ways of being novel by going astray; the right tracks are severely limited. The most 'original' of children is one hundred per cent. derivative; but from two sources, father and mother, both of which are *ab-original*: hence the possibility of a fine new variation upon the stock. So in Art. 'Art Nouveau' may be as original as sin, and as little laudable—nor are past intentions dead, most of them, and the seeming dead may revive.

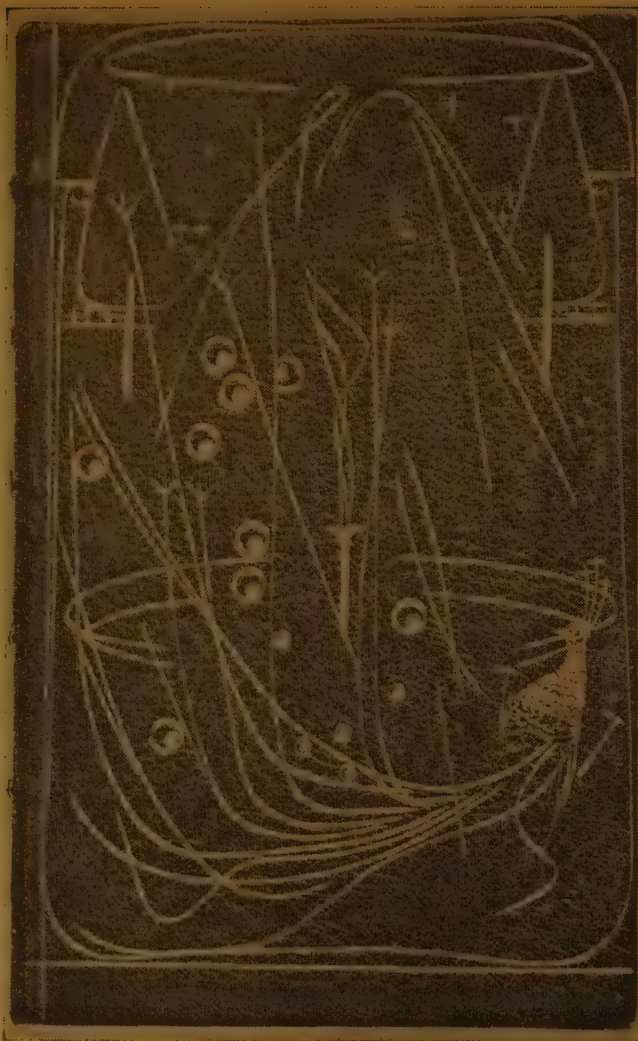
We are now launched on the modernist debate, with Sir Reginald Blomfield leading the attack. He is angry, and, as always, with a rare head of steam. There is plenty of occasion. A vast deal of trash is being produced, a still greater amount written about it, with singularly little discrimination or opposition. In old days we had to fight for the smallest recognition or remuneration of veterans even, let alone youthful talent. Now there is a race to applaud the new and to reward. Trash, however, has always been plentiful and popular, though in the past painstaking and heavy trash was apt to win the praise and the pelf; now the sloppy or empty is more in favour. But Sir Reginald is too indignant to analyse with much patience either the present or the past, and he relies on a half-way house of

argument, at the other pole from Mr. Wilenski, namely, Tradition. Tradition may be good or bad, in any case is various: there was neo-Gothic as well as neo-classic when Sir Reginald made his choice. Some of the elements that excite our friend's wrath, such as distortion and the fantastic or monstrous, have an old lineage. Distortion is present in all expressive drawing, and is the principle of caricature. Ingres himself did not hesitate to put extra vertebræ in the spine of his *Odalisque*, and that older master, El Greco, distorted almost to breaking point. The monstrous or fantastic has always had its place, lesser or greater. The Greeks themselves had 'gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire', centaurs, sirens and satyrs; the mediævals their angels and obscenely grotesque devils, the sixteenth century a Jerome Bosch, the eighteenth-nineteenth a Goya. Nor was the old art always readily intelligible: there are puzzles in Giorgione and John Bellini; in Dürer and Blake. 'Traditional' is no final word for good; it is too often a synonym for second-rate.

The Flight: Substitutes and 'Mickey Mouse'

Let us analyse and distinguish in what I have called the Flight from the Picture. Sir Charles Holmes, for good reason in his limited survey, dates the modernist revolution after Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. Cézanne was neither bored with, nor hostile to, representation; he agonised over it, and if there is an emptying-out in his work, it is because of a growing impotence before the human figure, and anything that moved or faded in still-life. Seurat we may call the pedant and petrifier of Impressionism, with drawing stiffened into woodenness, and colour, at first charming, reduced to a pseudo-scientific dotting. But I suggest that evacuation began earlier with the decay of religious belief and heroic imagination, the turn to landscape and private brooding, reaching to a limit of tenuity in the films of Corot, the dusk of Whistler, the fog of Matthew Maris.

For disintegration, for the typical juggler at the expense of the picture, we must jump to Picasso. He is a calligraphist of considerable ability, with a turn for ingenious striking design, but a quick-change performer, restlessly dissatisfied. 'The Acrobats' is still pictorial, one of his slimming pieces, though a poor specimen of his drawing. But it is the other two exam-



Bookbinding (Peacock and Fountain) designed by D. S. MacColl (1891). Spatial symmetry of forms

It leads your eye across the floor and table, and out through the open window at the back'. On the contrary, space is made fun of by the balcony appearing on the near as well as the far side of the table. It is a game with bits of a picture; an amusing crazy-quilt, nothing to be solemn about, or needing a hundred years to become comprehensible.

But we jumped to Picasso. There was an earlier quarrel with the nature of the picture, called 'Futurism'. The nature of the picture is to be an arrest of Time, the eternising of a patch of Space, out of the flux of movement. That offends the fanatics of speed, and lovers of flux attempted to bring the past and future into the present of the picture, not as the primitives did, side by side, but mixed up, interpenetrating. It was a gallant attempt, but self-defeating, and its day has passed.

An equally contradictory tampering with the picture was one form of Cubism, the attempt to render different aspects of a solid simultaneously. It made havoc of the picture plane, which has only room for



Bookbinding designed by D. S. MacColl (1894). One-way movement of fluid forms

one. Mixed with this was Cubism in another sense; the turning of natural forms into strict geometry, cubes, rectangular shapes, cylinders, a going back to the symbol-drawing of children, a legitimate treatment either for fun or for decorative and advertising purposes. But, as Sir Charles Holmes has pointed out, it sacrifices vital rhythm for mechanical metre. No perfect painting is without a tonic sense of underlying geometry, the bones of its motive answering the call to order of the frame; but for significant counterpoint on the skeleton theme the infinite curves of living forms are required.

Finally, in the progressive flight, is what claims to be *design let loose*, loose from representation altogether. But that is nothing new; it is as old as art. It has been present in decoration since a potter first put lines and markings round his pot. The question of using only this element must have occurred to countless designers in the past. E. J. Sullivan reminded me that we discussed its possibilities when I was designing for bookbindings in the early 'nineties. But most designers must have discovered that this attempt at 'purity' is threatened by inanity, from the difficulty of getting away from hints of representation: even the circle is suggestive. They have, therefore, made free use of abstract imagery as well. The only novelty about the recent development of very abstract and of non-representational design is that design gets loose also from application to objects of utility. Losing the impulsion of the picture, it loses also the compulsion of the object, and becomes vague as well as empty. Its novelty is to be put into a frame and called a picture. It is as if Sir Reginald Blomfield, who practises the great non-representational art of architecture, were to design a swag, which is representational though abstract, or a non-swg, and hang it among the pictures at the Royal Academy. It might be much pleasanter than many of them, but it would not be a picture.

What strikes one among those efforts is the rarity of real designer's talent. The illustration of M. Fernand Léger, for example, is not impressive; in this mixture or mess of solid objects, gutta-percha and metallic, with bits of geometry, there are howlers of design, and few of his group deserve mention beside M. Georges Braque, who is a born decorator. Mr. Wadsworth's own design, an old friend, is one of the few attempts to get clear of representation: it only dimly calls up dumb-bells or hand blotting-pads, and is quite pleasant, 'easy', as the Americans say, 'to look at'. He tells us that those shapes are in motion upwards, some faster, some slower. We should hardly guess it if he did not tell us. This, alas! is 'literary' art.

But that word 'movement' brings us to the real revolutionary supersession of the picture in our time, and to the true inventor. Among the designers I have been dealing with there is talk of creating in visible terms something corresponding to the moving patterns of music. They are defeated by the frame: a phrase of Bach is not a fugue. They hanker; but they miss the train, which has started under their eyes; I mean the train of the 'movies'. What the Futurists failed to do the cinematographic film accomplished with the photograph, breaking the sides of the frame and giving a flowing sequence of image and event. Walt Disney has rescued this art from the photograph for comic purposes, but his invention of fluidly changing forms, *transformations*, has endless possibilities. I remember playing with the idea forty years ago. It seemed to me that there were two types of design: one more static or re-entering, with the virtues of space, symmetry, centre-ing, backward as well as forward direction; the other fluid, forward-moving only like music, with its time element, design already implicit in the circle of a vase, or a frieze sculpture. A continuous wave-movement of fugal interlacings would throw up at intervals abstract images, emerging from and dissolving in the flow. For the film that is a much greater possibility: to attempt it in the constipation of the picture-frame is to throw away the virtues of static design, and gain little for fluid.

The Return via 'Surréalisme'

But that relentless time-keeper, Mr. Wilenski, will no doubt tell us that all this 'abstract' and non-representational design is already a back number. Disintegrated and repudiated to the last degree the picture of Nature suddenly reappears as the latest invention, under the name of *Surréalisme*, super-realism. By one of its schools this is practised as an almost photographic copying, the novelty being that the objects copied are put in unlikely juxtaposition, a paradox of meaning. Well, that is another amusing diversion. The other school professes to get its images from the 'subconscious' or 'unconscious', or, more intelligibly, from the oddities of dreams. There is no such thing for the painter as an unconscious or subconscious image; of those in dreams we are vividly conscious. We may not remember them

distinctly; hence, perhaps, the super-woolliness of M. de Chirico's horses in the illustration. The characteristic of a dream is incoherence, so that this art arrives at nonsense by another road. But super-Bosch or subvisceral, it reinstates the pictorial image.

Mr. Newton touched on the interesting question, Why is there this dissatisfaction with the picture proper? First, he put exhaustion of discovery in pictorial vision, and dated it with Rembrandt or at latest with the Impressionists. But Rembrandt was so biased a painter that he left another half of the painter's world to his contemporary Velazquez and his compatriot Vermeer. Endless re-combinations are possible. To that discouragement Mr. Newton added the photograph; the camera, he thinks, killed the old picture. We may gladly allow that it made the feeble artists superfluous, the kind who go out to fish and bring back the river.

Is there a deeper reason for the discouragement of intelligent youth beside these, and a certain queasiness in face of the giant masters, with their creative and technical powers? Yes, there is disillusionment and disgust about humanity itself and nature. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who is clear-sighted among the revolutionaries, is affected by what science, as reported by Lord Balfour, has to say about the comic claims and squalid destinies of our race, and the indifference, the seeming cruelty of nature; and he concludes that the only treatment for them by an honest artist is satire and caricature. Swift was before him there, in his sick horror at the bestial part of man. Curiously enough his Gulliver found in Laputa much of our boasted novelties. In a passage I have quoted before he says: 'If they would praise the beauty of a woman or any other animal they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses and other geometrical terms, or by words of art derived from music'. He foresaw then our Cubists; but that was a leap of genius; for he could not foresee the vast intrusion into the visible world of metallic machinery, displacing human forces and forms, and contracting the field of vital pictorial beauty. In a world whose artistic energy is that of the engineers, imagination, poor indomitable thing, turns to the contemplation of machines, and the passion for speed hoots at the picture as a hold-up, *which it is*.

All the same, let us not despair too soon. The picture has been bankrupt many times, with the end of a master or decadence of a school; but not finally defunct. There are still people who like to sit and look at something fixed, not immediately switched away, and there is a good deal to look at with pleasure, while we can. *'The limitless, the high Creation Is splendid as the first of Days'*. Mr. Newton may be hasty in signing the picture's death certificate.

I, for one, when I hear this bad news, take courage from the story a friend tells of the Indian Mutiny. In a certain town assault and sack were said to be imminent, and one of the garrison became so fearful of outrage that he put his aunt to death himself. The mutineers did not come.

Dr. MacColl is author of *Nineteenth Century Art* (1902) and *Confessions of a Keeper and Other Papers* (MacLehose, 1931, 12s. 6d.). Among pieces in the latter bearing on the present discussion are, 'What is Art?', 'Painting and Imitation', 'Subject and Technique', 'Prettiness, Beauty, Ugliness', 'A Year of "Post Impressionism"', 'Drawing, New and Old', 'Cézanne as Deity', 'What is Architectural Design?', 'Pneumatic Values'.

The Housing Centre, whose new premises were opened last week at 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1, by Mr. Geoffrey Shakespear on behalf of the Minister of Health, hopes to serve as a co-ordinating agency for the chief propaganda societies in this field—the Mansion House Council for Health and Housing, the Under-Forty Club, and the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association. The new building will also serve as the headquarters of the National Federation of Housing Societies and the Society of Women Housing Estate Managers. The chief function which such a centre can discharge is to provide a common meeting-ground for all interested in public or voluntary housing work, and to act as a clearing house for information and ideas on the subject. The inaugural activity of the Centre comprises an Exhibition recording by means of books, prints, letters, etc., the story of housing progress during the past hundred years. Elsewhere in this issue we have reproduced some of the more striking of these exhibits, which, since it is to be a standing feature of the Centre, will no doubt in time become more complete. A Mansion House meeting on behalf of the Centre is to be addressed by the Prince of Wales on March 28.

Freedom and Authority in the Modern World

Should Education Be Independent of Politics?

By C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL

THE happiness and prosperity of a country depend mainly upon the character of the citizens. The citizens themselves owe their character mainly to their education. This no doubt sounds a well-worn platitude, but history shows that it has more often been talked about than acted upon.

When government was in the hands of a ruling class it was natural, if not creditable, that education was mainly confined to those who composed or were likely to serve the governing class. If the ordinary man could eat of the tree of knowledge it was feared that he would know too much, that his patience would diminish and his critical faculty increase. Even as late as the end of the eighteenth century an English judge could say on the bench, 'As for the common people, what have they to do with the laws except to obey them?' The French Revolution gave the first great impulse in the modern world towards universal education. In the midst of internal turmoil and foreign invasion the Convention carried through a most comprehensive scheme, which, however, was never put into operation owing to the ensuing bankruptcy of the Revolution.

Self-Government Means Popular Education

As we have already seen, the nineteenth century prepared the way for and in some countries established universal suffrage. Thus it came about that the so-called governing classes began in self-defence to welcome the very measure which they had formerly distrusted. 'We must educate our masters', said Robert Lowe after the passing of Disraeli's sweeping Reform Bill of 1867. It became evident that if the people as a whole were to be entrusted with the supreme political power of making and unmaking Ministries, and of having the last word in policy, they must be as capable as possible of understanding and appreciating their tremendous responsibilities.

So nowadays every civilised State recognises the supreme importance of popular education. The controversies which are still rife concern its nature, its extent and its various stages.

In strict logic it is undeniable that education begins before the birth of a child. Aristotle pointed out that if the State wishes to ensure that 'the soil should be appropriate for the seed', that none should be born 'morally maimed', it should control marriage in the most rigorous degree.

Consequently it may be said that advocates of birth control, of sterilisation of the unfit, of State permits for marriage, etc., are in reality educational theorists. And it seems probable that where the power of the State is greatest, and is principally directed towards creating citizens of a certain stamp, such theories will be put into practice. As you know this is already happening in Nazi Germany. Whether such interference is likely in fact to improve the physical, moral and intellectual character of citizens is both a highly technical question, which I am entirely unable to tackle, and a highly controversial one, which I deliberately put aside.

Good Men or Good Citizens?

If then we take education as concerned only with the living child, the oldest of all questions meets us at once, 'What is its object?' And that can still be put in its old crude form, 'Is it to make a good man or a good citizen?' Of course the obvious answer is 'to make both'. And the obvious answer is undeniably true. It ought to do so. But we must clear our minds of cant on this matter. As long as States remain independent units organised on a basis of power, competing with others, coveting the property of others, hating others as the standing embodiment of injustice or oppression, it is useless to suppose that the good man and the good citizen can normally coincide. And it is easy to guess which alternative the State, which controls education, will choose. The aim of such a State will be to create citizens in its own image, that is to say, their virtue will be to serve the power of the State, rather than the needs of humanity. It is clear, therefore, that the future of international relations rests

primarily upon the right education of children within individual States.

To hold such a view does not, of course, imply that education should not make patriotic citizens. It should produce a feeling of pride in every centre of association, the family, the school and the country. But if patriotism is to be taught on a basis of exclusiveness and arrogance, then it is both too much and not enough.

We can see then that the State is a dangerous educator; it has great temptations and unrivalled opportunities of moulding plastic minds into its own image. Yet it is certain that if universal education is a duty, it is one which the State must to a very large extent take into its own hand. Only by doing so can it make possible the equality of opportunity—*la carrière ouverte aux talents*—which we have already agreed is necessary if liberty is to mean the expression of individual personality. Equality of opportunity clearly does not mean that every child should receive the same education at all stages, for that would imply that all have the same capacities, which is plainly absurd. It means an equal chance of benefiting from the available system of education. Hence it is generally acknowledged that all education must consist of three stages, elementary, secondary and higher or university; that every child must share in the first, and should have the opportunity of showing his fitness for the two latter. As far as the elementary stage goes, there is not, I imagine, much doubt as to what its object must be; it is simply to build the bare foundations necessary for life in a civilised world. The rudiments of general education are common to all.

Vocational or General Education?

If, however, we turn to the higher stages of the building we find again one of the hoariest of controversies still unsettled. Doubtless almost everyone would agree that secondary and still more university education ought not to be merely functional or utilitarian. It ought not to be a mere apprenticeship for a trade or profession. But ought it to be primarily vocational and specialist with the object of preparing a child for his work in life, or ought it to be as general as possible, with the object of enabling him to use his leisure to the best advantage? As a practical problem, it is, of course, a matter of emphasis; no modern system would try absolutely to exclude either aim. But it is a matter of great importance as to where the emphasis should be placed. First, however, notice that specialisation may vary very greatly in its meaning. Anyone who specialises in medicine, engineering or agriculture (to take a few instances) is directly preparing for a profession both in theory and practice. On the other hand, a specialist in languages, or literature, or history, is generally preparing himself for some liberal profession, about which he may make no decision whatever until his education is completed. This may be called indirect vocational education.

On the other hand, if the object is to enable a man to make the best use of his leisure, his education will aim primarily at the development of all his faculties and every taste, and will view specialisation with the gravest suspicion, as likely to strap blinkers on his personality.

Now, the right use of leisure is of enormous importance; nothing makes a man happier than the trained capacity of enjoying as many interests as possible. The extraordinary brilliance and colour of the ancient Greek world was possible for a highly educated community with unrivalled opportunities for leisure. But this opportunity was owed to the employment of slave labour on a large scale. Obviously in the intense competition of the complicated modern industrial State such an ideal is unrealisable. An education which aimed primarily at versatility would very likely keep interest quickened, but only at the expense of substituting superficiality for accuracy, and discouraging that solid concentration often misnamed drudgery. While, then, specialisation should neither begin too early nor be too narrow in its scope,

it seems inevitable that it must be the backbone of all higher education in the modern world.

But it ought not to be considered as the mere acquisition of a large amount of accurate knowledge on a given subject. The object of specialisation is not so much what is learned, as the way in which it is learned and the effect upon the mind. Two results are specially to be valued. First the power of concentration, which means the maximum of results in the minimum of time. Secondly, the critical faculty, which means real mastery over problems, the power of analysis, of distinguishing what is essential, and seeing a subject in its logical order.

It may be truly said that the specialist, whatever his subject, who has acquired this real faculty for knowing, is well equipped not merely for one particular profession but for life. It is, I think, undeniable that an abundant supply of such leaders—the truly natural leaders as being the best educated—is absolutely vital to democracy. Without such it cannot possibly keep that freedom which has been analysed in these talks. In fact educated leaders are more necessary for a democracy than for any other form of government, just because the people can do themselves such immense harm if they are not guided in the right way.

State Control—

If higher education is the most important function of the State, ought it to be undertaken directly by the State? This is a difficult question to which to give an unqualified answer. In these talks we are trying to consider the modern civilised world, and not merely one country, like our own. Therefore we have to take into account such factors as national character, the degree of centralisation existing, the nature of the government, the amount of private initiative, wealth, liberality and so forth.

It will be best to confine ourselves to some general considerations. The State has certain obvious advantages. It can provide the necessary money out of taxation, it can fix and enforce such standards as it thinks right, it can (at least in some countries) offer more attractive terms than private institutions, it can move teachers about freely, ensure them the freest scope for their abilities, and prevent staleness by timely changes. It can ensure a flexibility of subjects to be studied in a way that is often impossible in the case of private endowments controlled by trusts. It can plan for the future with a reasonable certainty that the money will be available, when required.

What is the reverse of the picture? The State by its very nature tends overmuch towards uniformity. Its mind thinks in schedules, and mistrusts diversity of curricula. There is a danger that State schools and still more State universities would tend to get too much like one another. State products too often wear a monotonous aspect of efficient mediocrity. Again, the State will always be tempted to lower the educational standards in the popular interest of so-called democracy. But it is impossible to insist too strongly that democracy in education does not mean making the higher education easier, but giving everyone a chance of showing himself worthy of it.

Thirdly, the State, from its habit of requiring obedience,

both demands and inspires docility in the teacher. It may well be doubted whether the best teachers are ever docile; they are indeed very often wayward, stubborn and eccentric, what are familiarly known as 'characters'. Besides it must be remembered that a State teacher is in a position analogous to that of a civil servant; and in this country at least it is recognised that a civil servant has no politics.

—and its Difficulties for the Teacher

Now while it is clear that a teacher of mathematics or the physical sciences will have little or no occasion to introduce his political views into his lectures, it is quite the opposite with a teacher of history or of political theory or economy. If he is an honest man he must express what he believes to be true, but such beliefs may be totally opposed to the policy of the government. Can it, therefore, be wondered that the State will always be under the strongest temptation to prescribe how subjects ought to be taught and in what books they should be studied? Yet it is undeniable that unfettered freedom of enquiry and speculation, especially in the higher realms of the mind, is the indispensable condition of progress. Wherever intellectual freedom has been suppressed, human societies have stagnated. The aim of higher education is not merely instruction but the advancement of knowledge, the storing up of more wisdom for the benefit of the world. And it is quite certain that to control teaching is also to sterilise the creative power of the mind. Great discoveries are never associated with gagged professors.

It must be noticed that in thus upholding academic freedom I am referring only to the professional activities of teachers. It is quite another question as to how far a teacher is wise or justified in taking an active part in the political controversies of the day. You have already had an opportunity of listening to a discussion on the whole subject. I will merely say that the role of the student and the politician do not as a rule go well together, and that the violent partisan or propagandist, especially if State-appointed, has often himself to thank if trouble befalls him.

To sum up, therefore, I hold it is the duty of the State to see that an adequate provision is made for all stages of education. It should itself directly undertake elementary education, for the objections which I have been enumerating do not apply to that stage. Of course we all know that the State can catch children young, and mould them most effectively when they are most plastic, according to the old saying 'Give me a child till he is seven years old and I care not who has him afterwards'. But such bias is always deliberate and not in any way inherent in the teaching of elementary subjects to small children.

With regard to both secondary and university education, I believe that as far as possible the State should encourage and supplement individual enterprise, ensuring efficiency by grants, inspections, enquiries, etc., but not, if avoidable, by itself acting as the examining body. If it is compelled itself to take over the whole system of management, it seems essential that the Ministry of Education should be removed as far as possible from the influence of party politics, and that the teachers should receive the fullest possible guarantees for security of tenure.

Markets and Men

Wheat: The Problem of Surplus Stocks

A Discussion between J. W. F. ROWE and R. B. BRYCE

Mr. Bryce is a Canadian economist who has made a special study of wheat and its problems

J. W. F. ROWE: On the average during the last ten years Western Europe has had to import about 70 million quarters, or, say, 15 million tons, of wheat. Now, Mr. Bryce, will you tell us where all this came from?

R. B. BRYCE: In the last ten years Canada has exported 35 per cent. of the total, Argentina 20 per cent., the United States nearly 20 per cent., and Australia about 15 per cent. Of the remaining 10 per cent. about half comes from the countries of the Danube basin, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria. Before the War Russia used to be the greatest exporter,

but now she consumes most of her wheat at home and exports very little except when she has a very good crop. India too used to export before the War, but now consumes all she produces. The last two or three years the United States has exported only small amounts, mainly because of very poor crops, and actually she is importing wheat this year.

ROWE: Now let us compare the conditions under which wheat is grown in different parts of the world. We all know, roughly, how it is grown in England, and many of us know that in France, Germany and Italy it is generally grown on still



Ploughing on a small scale—

smaller farms by peasants, who have raised wheat for centuries. These peasants usually keep livestock and grow other things as well, both to sell and for their own use. They work their land intensively so that they get a high yield of wheat per acre, but not per man employed. They use comparatively little machinery and their methods change only slowly.

In the exporting regions of Eastern Europe there used to be larger estates owned by landlords, but many of these were broken up by the agricultural reforms after the War, so that the usual size is now no larger than in Western Europe. These small farms, particularly in the Danube countries, are owned and worked by peasants who are very poor and live mainly on their own produce. But they grow some maize and wheat to sell in order to buy their few necessities and to pay their debts and taxes. Capital is so scarce that they cannot obtain it to improve their methods nor to change to livestock and other products. Many governments have encouraged the growing of wheat with which they can pay their countries' foreign debts.

BRYCE: But in North and South America the whole attitude of the wheat growers is different because they either regard farming as a business from which they expect an income something like that which others get in industry or commerce, or they regard it as part of the process of opening up new country. Wheat is the only source of income for most of these farmers, so they have evolved very specialised and efficient methods of producing it. In doing so they have been aided by fairly abundant land and capital, and usually by considerable education and instruction in farming methods. In order to use these methods the farms must be large—so that they commonly range from three or four hundred acres up to several square miles, and the average size is now increasing rapidly. In order to get an idea how wheat is produced on these big overseas farms we can imagine ourselves visiting the Canadian prairies. We see a fairly flat country with occasional rolling hills, no hedges, but here and there wire fences enclosing the fields—which may be half a mile long or more, so the farmer does not have to make many turns in working it. In April and May we see spring cultivation and seeding in progress, and everyone is busy. Ploughing has probably been done the previous autumn, using tractors and ploughs which turn three or four furrows at once. All the cultivation and seeding is done by

machinery, and if we are lucky we may see one of the new machines which destroys the weeds, cultivates the soil, plants the seed and packs down the earth, all in one operation. But it is at harvest time in August and September, when the grain is standing ripe and dry in the fields, that we see the real labour-saving machines, the combine harvesters, at work. With only two men running it this machine barges its way down the field cutting the heads from a fifteen-foot path of wheat, threshes these immediately, and collects the clean grain in a hopper, from which it is later taken away by motor lorry. The straw is left in the field, either to be ploughed under or to be burnt. Following this lorry, we see the wheat delivered to one of the



—and on a large. An eleven-disc plough behind a caterpillar tractor

Photos: The Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering, Oxford

large elevators, which are big storehouses in the village eight or ten miles away. This elevator probably belongs to the Grain Growers' Co-operative Society, which sells the wheat for the producers, paying them part of the price soon after the wheat is delivered to the elevators, and the balance when it has finally been sold. The wheat is poured from the bins of the elevators into large railway wagons alongside, which transport it to the tremendous elevators at the ports. Here the railway wagon is picked up by machinery, broken open, and its forty tons of wheat poured into the great storage bins—from which it later flows directly into the holds of ships to be carried to the mills of Europe. On the way from the farm to the ship it has been tested and graded by government inspectors so that it may be bought and sold merely by description on distant markets.

There is no doubt that these methods, which are employed not only in Canada but in the other exporting countries, enable wheat to be produced and delivered at a much lower cost in either money or human labour than is possible with European methods. But do you think it is possible for Europe to adopt these modern methods?

ROWE: Not generally. There have been a few large wheat farms here in England using these combines and other big new machinery, and although they have had some trouble in drying the wheat they have been pretty successful. Russia, of course, uses these large-scale methods on her great collective farms, and I think a few large estates in Europe have tried them. But the European climate is generally too damp to allow the grain standing in the fields to get dry enough to be threshed straight

away. Then there are social and economic obstacles to their use. The small size of farms and of fields is a most serious drawback, and there is also the lack of capital in continental countries as well as the conservatism of farmers and peasants. But most important of all, I think, is the fact that in England and Europe farms rarely specialise on wheat alone: they can do best in dairy, livestock and mixed farming, producing wheat only as one of a group of products. I think, however, we can understand all this better if we study the history of the wheat market in recent years. Will you tell us now how and why it is that the price of wheat has fallen so greatly and why such huge stocks have piled up, bringing such trouble to all producers and especially to your exporters?

BRYCE: Well, part of the trouble can be traced back to the disturbances of the War, which cut off supplies from Russia and the Danube and made labour so scarce in Western Europe that crops here were reduced as well. The great demand for imports, which caused prices to rise very high, was filled in part by expansion of production in Canada, the United States and Australia. Even when the War was over Russia exported no wheat and the Danube countries were consuming much more of theirs. Further expansion, however, took place in Canada and Argentina despite the fall in prices due to the depression of 1921 and the good wheat harvests of 1923. Prices rose in 1924 and by 1926 and 1927 it looked as though Europe had recovered and supply and demand appeared to be balanced at a reasonable price. But there were signs of danger. The area planted to wheat was increasing everywhere in these years 1925 to 1928; in Europe because of increasing protective tariffs, in overseas countries because of the spread of mechanical methods and the use of new varieties of wheat able to withstand the drought of Australia and the United States and the

poor ones the great depression was beginning and the Wall Street crash took place, soon after the harvest. Everyone became pessimistic and a few were willing to hold the stocks of wheat, so prices began to fall rapidly after their first upward turn. Consumption was somewhat less than usual despite the fall in price and the excess stocks were not reduced. Nor did the fall in prices from 48s. 6d. a quarter in 1929 to 23s. 7d. in 1931 cause much of a reduction in output. So surplus stocks have persisted and even increased until this last year. To add to the trouble, Russia had a very big crop in 1930 and exported very much wheat. Prices reached their lowest on export markets in 1932 and have recovered a little since then, especially in America where crops have been very bad. But they are still very low on most export markets, especially when measured in terms of gold.

ROWE: But haven't you left out a very important factor? Didn't your Canadian Wheat Pool and the United States Government hold back the surplus of the 1928 crop and so prevent prices from falling? If the price had been allowed to fall in 1928 and 1929, there would not have been as much wheat grown in the next few years and things would have been much better.

BRYCE: The Canadian Pool held some of its wheat back in 1929 and 1930—but this was only a small part of the excess stocks and somebody had to hold them. The Pool only shared the general over-optimism in America in 1929 in regard to wheat prices, and it was in trouble because it had paid its farmers too much in advance for their 1929 crops. I don't think the Pool held the price up very much in these years. The United States Government bought a good deal of wheat in 1930 as part of its stabilisation programme, which Mr. Jewkes has described in his talk on cotton, and it continued its purchases into 1931 when there was

fear of panic because prices were falling so low. This did help to keep up prices until the government stopped buying in 1931, when American prices crashed and the government had a hard time to get rid of its wheat—finally giving a lot of it to the unemployed. But I don't think these measures caused much more wheat to be grown than would have been if prices had fallen further. The wheat farmer cannot save much of his costs by producing less when prices fall, and in these years of depression there was nothing else for them to do but to hang on grimly, and grow wheat as long as it would bring in anything. I think you importing countries are more to blame. Look what all of you have done to increase your production.



Mechanised harvesting can be developed only to a limited degree in a small country like Britain—

'Farmer and Stockbreeder'

short summers of Northern Canada. But the slow fall in price was being matched by reduction in costs and the trouble might have been overcome. But in 1928 all the exporting countries had good crops and total production was much more than usual. Prices fell but consumption increased only a little—since people don't eat much more bread when wheat prices fall. However, speculators were willing to hold the excess, anticipating smaller crops the next year and higher prices. But when that next year, 1929, came, Europe had good crops, and though exporters had



—Whereas a huge combined harvester-thresher can be used with profit on the prairies of the New World
Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering, Oxford

ROWE: That was not our object. When in 1929 the importing continental countries put up their tariffs and required millers to use home-grown wheat, it was only to prevent prices in Europe from falling as they fell elsewhere. It is true that when the depression grew worse other prices fell more than these protected wheat prices, so producers turned to wheat and production did increase and imports fell off, thereby causing more trouble for exporters, but that was not intended and was due in part to very good crops in Europe. Here in Britain, where we have subsidised wheat growers since 1932, I should say this is simply an emergency relief measure to keep the farmers, particularly those of East Anglia, on their feet. But on the Continent I think it has all been part of a general policy of protection designed to keep the peasants reasonably contented. Of course industrial depression has added to these general reasons the need to reduce imports and find work on the land for the unemployed.

BRYCE: Haven't these countries run into difficulties in their attempts to hold up prices?

ROWE: Yes, things have not run as smoothly as they have on the whole in Britain, partly because we produce only about one-fifth of the wheat we consume. Here there is very little interference with prices or markets, but the farmers are paid a bonus on their wheat sufficient to make up the average price they receive between 40s. and 45s. a quarter, depending on the size of the total British crop. This money, about £7 millions a year, is raised by a tax on all wheat flour, which adds about 15 per cent. to the cost of flour and, taking into account the costs of baking and distribution, adds about 7 per cent. to the cost of bread—say ½d. on a 7d. loaf. But this relatively small tax on bread should not blind us to the fact that it costs us twice as much to grow a bushel of wheat in England as it does to import it.

By contrast, on the Continent there have been all sorts of trouble and very rigorous controls. In France and Germany production has increased to such an extent that it sometimes exceeds consumption, so tariffs won't keep prices up and the governments have tried to fix prices by law. In almost all cases the consumers are being taxed to keep up the incomes of wheat producers, and taxed in most cases more heavily than in England. The regulations are so complicated that at least one case is recorded of a merchant paying another merchant in a different country to accept some wheat as a gift.

But have not the governments in your exporting countries also intervened to help producers?

BRYCE: Yes, they have had to do so because the plight of the producers was desperate and they could do nothing to help themselves. The fall in the foreign exchange value of their money greatly helped exporters in several cases, notably Australia and Argentina, because the wheat they sold abroad then brought them more of their own money. Almost all the governments have helped farmers reduce their mortgage and debt burdens, and their costs, Australia being the best example of this. Many of them have paid subsidies to the farmers to keep them alive, or bought their wheat above the market price and sold it abroad at a loss—as Argentina did. The Canadian government has been buying wheat and holding the excess off the market to help maintain prices in Canada and abroad. But only in the United States has there been any attempt to restrict production. There the government has paid farmers a bonus to reduce the amount of wheat planted.

ROWE: But what about the international agreement to limit exports? Hasn't it helped you?

BRYCE: After the failure of the World Economic Conference in 1933, an agreement was arranged between exporting countries which promised to limit their exports to certain quotas and also importing countries which promised not to encourage more production. But this agreement did not help the exporters because the total of export quotas was too large, and Argentina, having an unexpectedly big crop, exported considerably more than her quota. So this, like other international attempts in the past to regulate exports, has failed, and I think largely because the exporting countries cannot agree on the division of the market.

ROWE: Has not the drought this year which so reduced the crops of wheat and other grains, especially in America, largely solved the problem of surplus stocks?

BRYCE: No, the excess stocks are certainly being reduced

this year but will not disappear. And if the yield of crops next year in exporting countries is normal there will probably then be an excess of export production over import demand, because there is little prospect of sufficient reduction of acreage to adjust supplies to the level of consumption. The depression is still so bad in these countries that for most producers there is no alternative to wheat growing, and at any time it is difficult for them to change.

ROWE: But there has not been the great over-production of wheat or expansion of capacity that we have seen in the case of coffee, sugar, rubber, tin and cotton. The surplus of production going into increasing stocks has only been about 3 per cent. on the average per year since 1928. Surely output could be easily reduced this much.

BRYCE: But the amount of excess stocks alone does not measure the real surplus, since another 3 or 4 per cent. of the production of good wheat has been fed to cattle because prices were so very low. But you are right in general that the amount of excess production is small. However, both supply and demand resist a change so strongly that prices have had to fall very low to bring them to agreement.

And I think that if general prosperity would return, the wheat supply could be quickly adjusted to demand, because consumption would increase again and also a few farmers—both in Europe and abroad—could leave wheat for more profitable things. Wheat prices finally would rise to a point where they afforded a decent living to exporters, who can, as we have seen, produce at low cost. Because of this rise in prices subsidies to wheat farmers here in Europe would not need to be so large. But I think you will agree that this adjustment would leave the fundamental wheat question still to be solved.

ROWE: Yes, I know what you mean. The fundamental question is whether we in Europe are to go on producing a large part of our wheat supplies by taxing the consumer to pay subsidies to wheat farmers, or whether we will buy more of our wheat from the great exporting countries which can so easily expand their production and devote our land to raising more meat and dairy products, and fruits and vegetables. In other words, in a properly organised economic world wheat would be grown where it can be grown most cheaply, that is in North and South America and in Australia, while European farmers would produce those other things I have mentioned for which nearness to the consumer is an advantage. It does seem absurd that Britain should permanently subsidise the growing of wheat when she can get it so much more cheaply from other parts of the world in return for her manufactures.

But would you not, as an economist, admit that in putting up tariffs against our manufactures, Canada, Australia and other exporting countries have not been fulfilling their part of the bargain?

BRYCE: Yes, I think we have tried too long to nurse our 'infant' manufacturing industries and I think that people in these wheat exporting countries are now coming to realise that they must take your things in exchange. Remember, though, that much of the wheat comes as payments on capital that you loaned us. I would also admit that in times of great depression and unemployment many economic principles are turned topsy-turvy. When, in your countries, you find men idle and hungry it seems only commonsense to set them to growing wheat, especially when you find your own export markets shrinking and difficulty in paying for your imports. The all-important problem is to get rid of depression and unemployment, then these other things can be settled sensibly. But in the meantime I think both importing and exporting countries alike should try to overcome the depression as best we can without throwing the burden of our recovery on other countries—which will only prolong the general trouble. And when prosperity does return Western Europe must face the fundamental problem of whether it is to grow only that amount of wheat which can successfully compete with supplies from overseas, or whether it is to subsidise its farmers to grow more.

ROWE: I agree. But that is not the only point of view. Are we as consumers prepared to pay more than necessary for our wheat because for political or social or æsthetic reasons we desire to see it grown in England? That is the general question we have to face. If we want eventually to steer west, it is desirable not to go farther in other directions, particularly eastwards, than is necessary for us to ride out of the present storm.

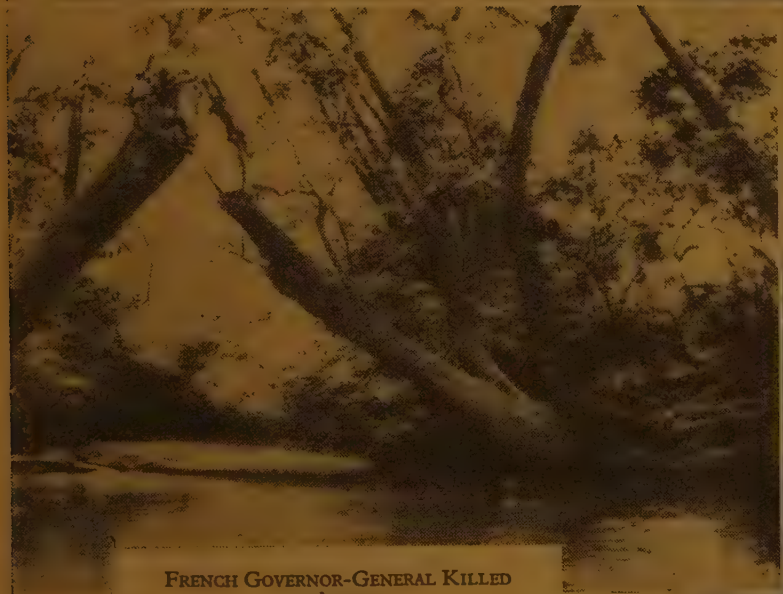
RADIO NEWS-REEL MAR. 18-24

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



MOCK AIR-RAID IN BERLIN

Remarkable scenes took place in Berlin on March 20 during air-raid rehearsals. Policemen stood at the doors of the houses to see that the inhabitants did not come out into the streets. Smoke and imitation flames (below) poured from the roofs of houses and from vehicles left in car parks: and (left) men in gas masks and asbestos suits cleansed the streets from the effects of gas and went through the motions of road mending



FRENCH GOVERNOR-GENERAL KILLED IN AFRICA

An aeroplane which carried M. Edouard Renard, Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa, his wife and five other passengers, was found completely wrecked last week near the Youmbi river (above) on the borders of the Belgian Congo, with all on board dead. The machine is thought to have hit the ground at high speed in a tornado. M. Renard and his party had been missing for some days, and were last seen when they started a journey northwards to the Chad and Tibetsi districts

A STATUE FOR A FORTUNE

The last Duke of Brunswick, after being driven from his duchy by the revolution of 1830, spent the rest of his life in exile at Geneva, and on his death in 1873, bequeathed his fortune to the city on condition that a statue (right) was erected to his memory. For the past 60 years the Count Ulric de Civry, whose wife was the grand-daughter of the Duke, has been seeking to prove his right to the fortune, alleging that it was left to Geneva in spite of the Duke, because his favourite daughter had changed her religion. The Count's claims have just been rejected by a Paris Court. M. Paul Boncour, the former Premier, was among the counsel employed to plead his case

Photograph: Boissonnas, Geneva





SIR JOHN SIMON IN BERLIN

Sir John Simon arrived by air in Berlin on March 24, for conversations with the German Government. A guard of honour of Black Guards was present to greet him and immense crowds gathered outside his hotel, including 100 journalists of all nationalities



COCOANUT CURRENCY

During the Committee stage of the Government of India Bill in the House of Commons on March 22, members had some interesting things to say about the Nicobar Islands, which are situated in the Bay of Bengal. It was said that the inhabitants are exploited by Indian and Chinese traders. They have no coinage, and use cocoanuts as currency. As many as 250 cocoanuts were said to have been paid for an old cocked hat. The islanders never accept a gift without returning one and the only record of debts consists of notches made on a bamboo. The photograph shows a hoard of currency set up on offering poles to propitiate the god of the islanders



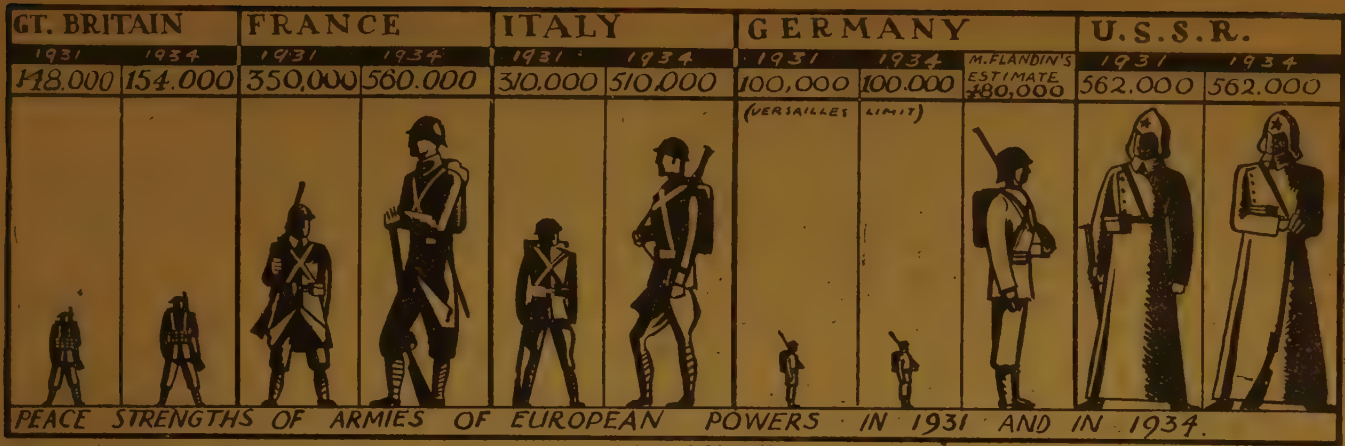
VILLAGE SPEED LIMIT

A 15 m.p.h. speed limit was instituted on March 23 for the village of Markyate Street, not far from Dunstable, on the main London to Holyhead road. The village is notorious for the number of accidents that have happened there, and it is considered that the new 30 m.p.h. speed limit for built-up areas is insufficient

BAYONETS OF PEACE

Speaking on March 23 on the sixteenth anniversary of the formation of the original Fascist group, Signor Mussolini said: 'Today, at a time when the political sky is clouded, Italy offers the world a spectacle of magnificent calm because Italy is calm in spirit and in arms. I wish to tell the Italian people that we shall not be unprepared for any situation that may arise. We will overcome all obstacles placed to prevent us fulfilling our destiny. Our desire for peace and for collaboration in Europe is based on some millions of steel bayonets.' The photograph (right) shows the enthusiasm of Italian reservists recently called to the colours





THE ARMIES OF EUROPE

Following the announcement of conscription in Germany there has been considerable diplomatic activity in Europe throughout the week. Notes of protest were forwarded to Berlin by the French and Italian Governments, and France is making an appeal to the League of Nations protesting against Germany's action. The diagram indicates the approximate position of European military strength



PAGEANTS AND ENTERTAINMENT TAX

Runnymede Pageant, which was held last June in aid of hospitals in the Windsor area, made a loss of £454. The Directors have pointed out that had they been granted exemption of tax, there would have been a surplus of £1,500 for charity

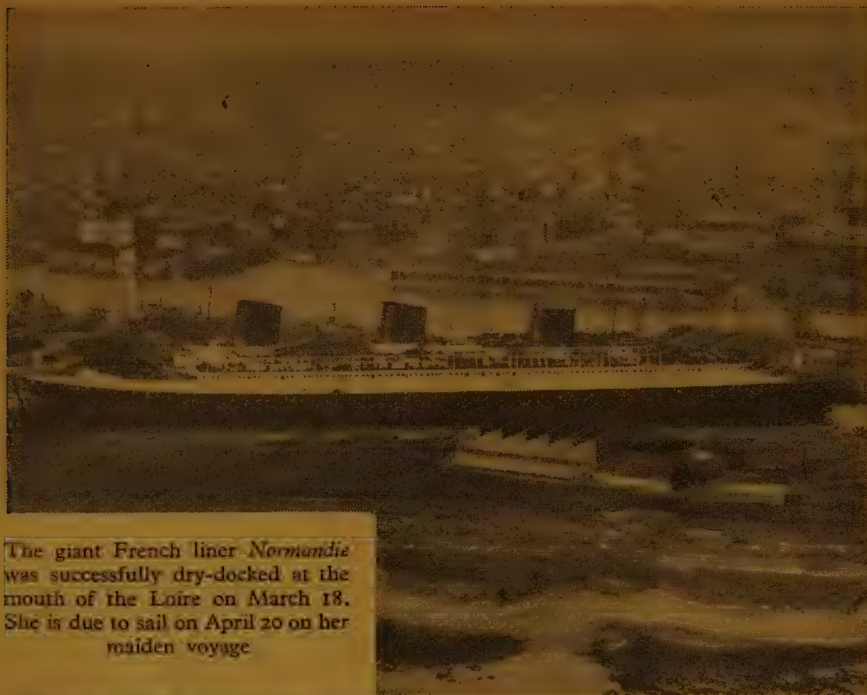


FIRST JUBILEE ARRIVALS

Mr. J. A. Lyons (right), the Australian Prime Minister, arrived in London on March 21, at the head of a delegation of Australian ministers. He was met by Mr. S. M. Bruce (left), the Australian High Commissioner



MARCH 21, the day on which Spring officially began, was exceptionally mild: and much appreciated by these children in Hyde Park



The giant French liner *Normandie* was successfully dry-docked at the mouth of the Loire on March 18. She is due to sail on April 20 on her maiden voyage



EMERGENCY TRANSPORT

After more than two weeks of walking, Dublin people went to work on March 20 in Army lorries. This emergency transport was introduced by the Government following the failure of all attempts to bring about a settlement of the tram and 'bus strike



CROYDON AERODROME ROBBERY

On March 19 three men were charged with the theft of £21,000 worth of gold from the strong room of Croydon Aerodrome. The men are alleged to have taken the gold through the hall (above) about 4.15 to 5.0 a.m. when the only person on the premises was receiving a German air-liner



FILM STUDIOS FOR EDUCATION

The first film studios specially designed for the production of educational films have been opened in London by Messrs. Gaumont British (left)



MOTHERS OR MONKEYS?

Speaking at a meeting on March 19 Dr. C. W. Saleeby said: 'It is preposterous that in the Zoo to-day they should be providing chimpanzee mothers, alligator mothers, and all kinds of sub-human mothers with fundamental conditions of nutrition and health which hitherto have been denied to a vast number of the mothers of this country'. The photograph shows 'Jubilee', a new arrival at the Zoo, and her mother

Science in the Making

Determinism or Freedom in Physics?

By A. S. RUSSELL

ON present knowledge, does science find a strict sequence of cause and effect throughout Nature? On ordinary large-scale everyday processes, yes. If you throw a half-brick at me, it proceeds on its path strictly according to law: its flight towards me unfortunately shows no ambiguity. But with increase of knowledge of what is going on in small-scale processes, down in the world of atoms, there has been partial change of opinion. The answer is no longer a very reluctant, but an emphatic 'Yes'. The world of science is divided. Some, like the great Professor Planck of Berlin, still think that if it were possible to follow the movement of an individual particle we should find every time exact fulfilment of what are called dynamical laws. Its path would be labyrinthine, but lawful. Mere smallness, the mere being right down at the lowest in the scale of things, is no reason for our trying to be mysterious and affecting to dispense with law. Freedom of a particle to do something strange, unpredictable, he regards as nonsensical*. Sir Arthur Eddington, and those who agree with him, are positive on the other side†. They argue that determinism down in the world of the atom has never been proved—cannot, indeed, be proved. Present theories do not need it. They take no notice of the principle. Whether determinism be true or false, those theories embodying, as they do, the best of what has been found out, remain as they are. That is apparently fact. Therefore, asks Sir Arthur, why drag determinism in? Why bother about it?

Indeterminacy, on the other hand, in the sense that the exact prediction of the future of particles in the atomic world is impossible, has now been for nearly ten years an important part of physics. An observer furnished with the finest resources of a laboratory, himself a walking encyclopædia of knowledge, a calculator, even, after Laplace's heart, with his best eye or instrument on the ball—in this case, a tiny particle—cannot so observe it as to predict what must happen next. The gist of the reason for this is that in the atomic world—I must apologise for harping on the atomic world, but the reason is that it is different from our visible one—no one can observe the course of Nature without interfering with the course of Nature. It isn't clumsiness; it isn't incompetence. It is inherent in Nature itself.

If we are considering a particle, and anxious to know about its position and its velocity, we can be wise after the event; we can know exactly where the particle has been and how fast it has moved, but it is quite impossible to predict exactly where it is going or exactly how fast it will go. Now that is something new. You cannot accurately predict what is going to occur. If, for example, you fix position accurately, you find you get velocity inaccurately. There is an uncertainty attached to your measurement which can be divided up between the two things you are after—in this case, position and velocity; but notice though you can divide it up you can't get rid of it. Fix the position of a particle at a certain time to the thousandth part of a millimetre and perhaps its velocity will be measurable with one kilometre per second. Observe it more accurately as to position—say, to the ten-thousandth of a millimetre—and you find the velocity can now only be found within ten kilometres a second. There is that amount of error possible. Get position still more accurately—say, to the hundred-thousandth of a millimetre—and the velocity can only be found within 100 kilometres a second. You won't get them both as accurate as you would like simultaneously, and there is no point in being annoyed or bored because you can't. It seems to be inherent in Nature, this uncertainty or indeterminacy as it is also called. You might think that Nature, out of cussedness, wanted to do you down. It is simpler to say, as Sir Arthur urges, that the future is not predetermined. Nature has no need to protect herself from giving away plans she has yet to make.

A consequence, though not an immediate one, of this is, it is no longer necessary to suppose our human actions are completely predetermined. Most people, of course, have never

cared a blow what physics had pronounced on this topic. They have generally assumed in their worst moods that other people act as though everything was determined, and believed what they themselves did was completely free. But many have wistfully asked how it is possible to harmonise the fact that our most direct and intimate source of knowledge—human consciousness—tells us our thoughts and volitions are not subject to the rigid sequence of cause and effect with the determination which seems an indispensable postulate in all that pertains to matter. The dilemma can be resolved by denying the complete rule of determinism. There is now a case that the door of human freedom is opened a little. No one thinks it is flung wide open. But Professor Eddington insists on the importance of our realising that the old deterministic door is not barred.

Interesting and original is Sir Arthur Eddington's discussion of what are called the constants of Nature. You are aware that all facts in Nature are not born free and equal. The mass of a hydrogen atom is a more important fact than that of a half-brick, the velocity of light than that of the earth round the sun, and so on. There used to be about seven of these constants, things that continually crop up everywhere in the main stream of discovery in physics. The mass of a hydrogen atom and the velocity of light are two of these: two others are the magnitude of the charge of the electron and its mass. Sir Arthur has tried to show how these seven, apparently unrelated, constants may be connected together, and has brought out some very interesting points in trying to do this. He has been able to calculate the ratio of the mass of the hydrogen atom to that of an electron to within a half per cent. of the best experimental values. And he has done wonders with several of the constants of Nature by relating them to the number 137. Perhaps the coolest thing he has done has been to calculate from data about an electron the rate at which the Universe is expanding in space-time. This seems boldness carried to perversity. Yet the case is strong indeed. From this connection he calculates the number of electrons in the whole Universe in literally everything literally everywhere. It comes out as the number 129 followed by a mere matter of seventy-seven nothings.

Though all this is highly technical and could only be done by one with great mathematical powers and imaginative insight, it is very wonderful that such things can be done by one of ourselves. We may be mere human beings on the fifth or sixth largest planet of a middle-grade star in the Milky Way, but we gain enormously in dignity, I think, by the fact that we can know so much as we do of the great Universe in which we are placed. However odd we are, whatever our failures, it is something that in the discoveries of physics we have got so far.

The chapter in his new book called 'The End of the World' is also a good one. Which end?—Sir Arthur pertinently begins by asking. The Universe is very slowly expanding; it is also very slowly running down. Some day, it seems, the whole Universe will be so disorganised that it will reach a state to be described only as death. All very likely on the present evidence, but who would think that that is final? And what of the other end—the beginning? If it is expanding and running down now as it appears to be, then once it must have been fully set up. Fully organised it must have suddenly come into existence.

The impression left on my mind by Professor Eddington's book is what a very rational and yet, at times, how odd a place is this material Universe in which our lot is cast. Neat and tidy, and yet paradoxical. How odd must have been the beginning; how very odd is the presumed end! How did life ever arise on the cooling rock our Earth once was? On present knowledge it is simply impossible ever for it to have arisen; and yet, here we are, alive and very much kicking. And what a poor lot to be denizens of this fifth-rate planet round a tenth-rate star. Yet, as the Scots say, 'Wha's like us?' Don't let us be intimidated by space and time, by atoms and the Universe, by beginnings or endings. If we are nothing, they are nothing.

*Where is Science Going? By Max Planck. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

†New Pathways in Science. By Sir Arthur Eddington. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. Reviewed in our Book Supplement, March 6

The New Christendom

Sharing the Gospel in the New Industrialism

By the Rev. EDWARD SHILLITO

Mr. Shillito is Literary Superintendent of the London Missionary Society

A FRIEND of mine tells how he was travelling by lorry through the primæval forest of Africa. For hours he saw nothing but trees and ant-hills, when suddenly the bush opened out into a gigantic clearing and there towering above him was the second tallest chimney in all the world. He had lighted upon one of the largest mines of the New Copper Belt in Northern Rhodesia. There are photographs of certain quarters of Hankow in Central China which might pass for pictures of Lancashire.

There is a new Christendom in these days and there is also a new industrialism. Church buildings can be seen in the landscape, but also factories and mines. The engineer and the missionary travel by the same boat to the same destination. It is true that the new industrialism is in its early days, but so is the new Christendom. They cannot be unrelated. It is the same human beings who are instruments of labour and, to the Christian Church, in Livingstone's words, 'objects of divine redemption'. Whatever makes a difference in the life of the clan in China, or the tribe in Africa must be of importance to the Christian Mission. The individual member of such a tribe cannot remain unchanged either intellectually or spiritually. The mission exists to bring human beings into a new personal relation to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; but these human beings are persons finding the meaning of their life in their fellowship with other persons. Life from them has taken its character, shall we say, from the old customs in their villages. Then suddenly they are transferred to Johannesburg or N'dola, or Bombay, or Shanghai, and become members of a new industrial community; and the task of one who would win them is seriously changed. In this new world there are new temptations, new hardships, new perils, new opportunities of a richer life, or new depths of degradation as yet unknown. Can it be a matter of indifference to the Christian teacher what happens to them in their new surroundings? Can he say that it does not make any difference whether an African is in his village or in Johannesburg?

History Need Not Repeat Itself

From the lands of Christendom the revolutions of applied science are carried to new lands. In this country we have had our lesson. We are more than a hundred years ahead. We remember the follies and horrors which marred the beginning of our modern industry. We are agreed that the true Christian mind was expressed not by Mr. Gradgrind, but by Lord Shaftesbury—not, that is to say, by those who held the doctrine that the Church should keep its hands off such matters as the conditions of labour, but by those who claimed that it was the duty and should be the joy of the Christian people to apply their Christian values to this and every department of life. At all costs, we have come to see, the Christian Church cannot contract out of large areas of human life. It cannot carry the Gospel to men entirely indifferent to their new conditions and with no Christian programme for their industrial life.

The Christian Church, through its missionaries, takes the side of Lord Shaftesbury, Kingsley, Maurice, Ludlow. It does not offer the peoples of the East a dismal repetition of our own sorrows. Our experience should be available not as a gloomy destiny, but as a means of deliverance. We know the poison; we know also the remedy. History need not repeat itself in the New Industry of the East; but it may.

So far as their very limited resources have allowed, the missionary societies have always cared for their people in every province of their life. Hitherto they have had to deal largely with villagers and they have shown no grudging spirit in their service. Both in Asia and Africa by far the greater number of the inhabitants still live in villages. Two out of three dwellers on this earth are still busy upon the land. It would be an unjustified change if the many rural workers were ignored for the sake of the few industrial workers. Social work

is needed in the villages. It is impossible to preach the Christian message in its fulness when those who hear it are held in the grip of the money-lender, or are suffering from hunger or disease. By means of co-operative banks help is brought to the poor peasant, who is in danger because he has mortgaged his land to the usurer. Much has been done to enable the farmer to make better use of his resources. In many missionary colleges the study of agriculture has a place of importance. One American went to India to teach philosophy and found himself a farmer, and a splendid friend of Indian farmers; and he is still a missionary. He seeks to obey the Lord, Who said 'I was hungry and ye gave Me bread'.

A Chinese Parable

A Chinese parable may show how such service strikes the farmer. There was once a farmer in China who was growing poorer every year. He met with the schoolmaster, the preacher, and the travelling teacher. The schoolmaster told him to send his son to school, but there the boy learnt only clerk's work and could not help his father; the preacher gave him good counsel; but the travelling teacher, when he came where he was, gave him good seed, some silkworms, and some practical help. This story leaves us with the question on our lips, 'Which therefore was neighbour to this poor farmer?'

The first of the three illustrations which I shall take is from China and shows how the Missionary Societies, working in close co-operation, seek to come to the aid of the Chinese farmers and industrialists. If there were time, it might be shown how geologists, astronomers, biologists, botanists, have given their science, always in the service of their Lord, to the Chinese. But one illustration only can be given.

In the province of Kwantung the chief industry for many generations has been the production of silk. Silk means for the Chinese thereabouts their livelihood; if it fails they suffer hunger, and their life in the community loses its vitality. Therefore any Society which would deal with the living persons of Kwantung must not forget silk. In that province is the great city of Canton, and there is situated the University of Lingnan, a primate Christian university with an international faculty. In Lingnan the Chinese students, men and women, are trained in many ways for their service to their own people. They are trained in agricultural methods, and they have a College of Sericulture, which means the culture of silk. What then has a Christian College to do with the diseases which may attack the silkworm? How is it helping forward the purposes of the Gospel by teaching the Chinese how to improve their mulberry trees? Certainly the human beings to whom the missionary goes overseas are not purely spiritual beings; they have a full human life in which to express all that they most surely believe. Religion, as General Gordon said, has much to do with the body. It is impossible for the Christian Church to regard the people of Kwantung as abstractions. They are human beings who, among other things, make silk. That is why it is part of the task of a Christian University to send into that Province men and women with a Christian faith, who will give to their own people a new leadership in industry as well as in the Church. Therefore they have surveyed the whole process of silk industry. Their students are within a few hours' ride of the districts where this industry is situated. Before he can graduate in this College of Sericulture a Chinese must spend sixteen weeks in practical work. Is it a mistake for such a Christian University, amid its many courses of study, to provide one for those who may go into the silk industry with a sense of Christian vocation?

Christian Work in Industrialised Bombay

The Indians still live for the most part in villages, and the greatest social triumphs of the Church have been won there, and chiefly among the outcasts. But today in certain cities

there are factories, mines, engineering shops and other industrial concerns. In all there are over 2,300,000 engaged in various organised industries. Not great in numbers, they have a significance for the future of Indian life. It is early enough in the story for the Christian Church in India to take an important part. Already the evils are clearly seen. The Christian people in India, small and poor in their resources, have not been either indifferent or inactive in their policy. In the island of Bombay there are great industrial centres. Much has been done to improve the conditions of labour, but still there are scenes reported which are almost exactly like the conditions found in this country before the Factory Acts were enforced, and on this matter we cannot give ourselves airs. There is much to be done by a Christian society which can witness in Bombay to the Christian ideal of the sacredness of personality and the glory which may belong to the life in community. In one part of the island there is Nagpada Neighbourhood House, founded by the American Marath Mission in 1927. It does for the industrial workers what a Settlement or Mission does in East London, for example, or Chicago. The Settlement is open day and night; babies are cared for; there are maternity clinics, play centres, all kinds of recreation. It has educational classes, libraries, public lectures, dramatic clubs. It comes to the aid of the unemployed, and in a land in which communal strife may anywhere, at any time, blaze out, it strengthens all attempts, and there are many, at fellowship. The members of the New Christendom in India have not delayed their entrance into this new and serious scene. And it may be said that whatever the future of India may be, there will be room for such a ministry of reconciliation as that which has its centre in Nagpada House.

The tides of Western industry are sweeping into Africa. The life of the African is changing. 'It is very crushing', wrote a Natal Christian leader, 'to have to view our Christian religion as static when the life of our people is undergoing such rapid changes'. He pleads for guides. 'Destruction will always result in the absence of competent steering'. There would clearly be disasters before the Christian Church if it were to give no heed to the fact that thousands of Africans in the mines of Johannesburg and Northern Rhodesia have leaped in a moment across the centuries. The Church of the Africans under the new conditions will need leaders. The call has come to the Missions to move boldly and swiftly into this new scene, and above all to provide the new African Church and African industry with the leaders which only the Christian faith can give.

There are Churches on the Gold Reef of which it is good to read. But the missionaries are fighting against great odds. 'This Golden City may prove to be a golden casket wherein are buried the hopes of a virile race of earth's children'; 'but the door', as Mr. Ray Phillips says, 'is yet open'. It will not always be open. There is no department of the life of the mine-workers which is not touched. Their housing, education, recreation, health, and not least their cinemas, are all under the missionary's care. But, needless to say, the ground is not covered.

Among the Rhodesian Copper Mines

But it is to Northern Rhodesia that we must look for the best example of the new occasion, which is offered to the Christian communities, to the clearing where the second biggest chimney is to be found.

In 1911 the Katanga copper mines were opened. With all the resources of modern science the white man came to win copper for his use, and in that hour a new age began swiftly for the African tribes within reach of the mines. But the missionary statesmen of the world have acted swiftly and boldly. In 1930 a Social and Industrial Research Department was established by the International Missionary Council. Under Mr. J. Merle Davis this body carried out in 1932 an enquiry into this new field of industry. It is imagined by some people that missionary bodies are dreadfully behind the times. Sometimes it is truer to say they are dangerously before their times. But if anyone wishes to understand what are the economic and racial facts about the Copper Mines in Rhodesia, he can find them in the report of this Missionary Commission. There are very serious facts to be taken into account. 'Not only are there workers in the mines, but there are Municipal Locations and Native Township Settlements which have just grown up'. The Africans in them have been robbed of their

traditional life. They are between two worlds. It is a time of crisis not for the African only. 'Either the Northern Rhodesian white man will educate the native to something like his own standard or his own will fall towards the level of the black'.

Some things the Missions can do and are doing. They are setting apart trained workers for this new area. These will have for their task among other things to develop an intelligent native leadership. There is the hope of a Union Native Church in the Copper Belt in which all Christians outside the Roman Communion may find their home. These agents will have among them men and women trained for the specific conditions; experts in the study of race and of sociology and of economics and of all things African. There is here, as everywhere, a call for co-operative planning; and in no part of the Christian Church is there more of the spirit of fellowship than in the Mission Field.

Here is a new call to the Church: 'Copper was found in Rhodesia. Then the word of the Lord came to the Church saying —'. Such might well be the story as it will be read afterwards in the history of the Church. But what did the Church say?

Yes, in these the early days of the new industrialism there is a part for the New Christendom. Before it is too late, something may be done to seize this occasion and make it a day in which new revelations of the Christian Truth may be made and in new scenes the old miracles of divine grace be repeated.

Youth Looks Ahead

(Continued from page 512)

man and nature; and, remembering the great Russian films, 'Earth' and 'Turksib' for instance, one is not sure whether the cinema can't do even this better. One wonders, indeed, if the novel has more than a hundred years or so of life still to live.

The Poem and the Fairy-tale Will Survive

No. I am inclined to think that it is poetry, oddly enough, which has the best chance of survival—poetry and the fairy-tale, the two simplest forms of literature. Poetry, partly through metaphor but chiefly through rhythm, can penetrate into strata of man's mind that nothing else can touch. The fairy-tale, the parable, will survive, I believe, because it is a unique channel of education. Propaganda, sermons, scientific textbooks can influence directly the conscious mind only. Parables and fairy-tales, because they are primitive, because they are universal, because they do not argue or browbeat, can slip past the defences of our intellect and talk to the deep unconscious levels within us. Cinderella, the Tin Soldier, the Prodigal Son can go into places where there is no admittance for Herr Goebbels or the Board of Education. But both poetry and parable will have to learn how to increase their surface subtlety while retaining their heart of simplicity; for the highly complex mind of modern man demands subtlety in a work of art before it will allow the essentially simple meaning to make its appeal to his emotions.

The future of writing must depend absolutely on the future of society. But probably, whatever social system is coming, literature will be considered more and more as being ultimately—as all thought should be—a guide to living. The temporary estrangement between literature and morality will be ended. In the nearer future I think it likely that literature will divide into two main streams. On the one hand, morality writing—conveyed through fairy-tales, allegory, satire, and perhaps a new kind of semi-religious drama based on the revelations of recent psychologists. On the other hand, a form of writing somewhat akin to music, depending on highly elaborated sounds, intense verbal subtlety and complex patterns of association. I believe a revolution in literature is now taking place. But I also believe that a revolution in society is incomparably more important, and without it the other would be futile and meaningless. And to those who don't care for that word 'revolution' I would give this nut to crack, a tough one but—I think—a sound one:—

Evolution is the dance, revolutions are the steps.

The Listener's Music

An Unknown Schubert Symphony

Schubert's Symphony in E, edited by Weingartner, will be included in the B.B.C. Symphony Concert tonight, March 27

THE term 'unknown' is, of course, relative; the manuscript of the work has always been familiar to a few, and this week's performance, described as the first in England, is the first only in the sense that the version used has not been played here before. As scored by J. F. Barnett the Symphony was given at the Crystal Palace in 1883.

The work was written in 1821 (a year before the 'Unfinished' and seven years before the great C major) and was left incomplete as regards the orchestration. The introduction and a part of the first movement are fully scored; but, having reached bar 110, Schubert seems to have wearied of the task of scoring; or perhaps the flow of invention was such that his chief concern was to get the notes on paper. At all events, the orchestration from that point is merely indicated. The indications, however, are sufficiently explicit and complete to leave no doubt as to his intentions save in some matters of detail; marks of expression and nuances are all there, and to the double bars at the ends of the movements are added the flourishes with which composers usually show their relief at the completion of a task. No doubt, as Sir George Grove says, Schubert felt that the Symphony was as complete on paper as it was in his mind. 'And [he adds] complete it virtually is: for each subject is given at full length, with a bit of bass or accompaniment figure, or fugato passage. There is not a bar from beginning to end that does not contain the part of one or more instruments; at all crucial places the scoring is much fuller; and it would no doubt be possible to complete it as Schubert himself intended'.

The full score of the Weingartner version is published in the Universal Edition, Vienna. The tri-lingual title page describes the work as Schubert's Sketch *ausgeführt, réalisé*, and 'edited' by Weingartner. 'Carried out' and 'realised' are better terms than 'edited', which usually carries quite another meaning. I mention the point because it is important that the listener should be under no misapprehension as to what he is hearing: it is not an overscored modern version of a century-old original, but the original itself with the composer's clearly-expressed intentions carried out, or 'realised', by a musician of impeccable taste and scholarship. In the preface to the full score Weingartner says he has respected Schubert's intentions as far as possible: there are a few re-touchings in the second and third movements, and in the first and fourth 'the elaboration is sometimes more concise than the original'—modifications of a type that Schubert himself might conceivably have undertaken had he heard the work performed.

The Symphony is on the customary plan of four movements, preceded by a slow introduction which, both rhythmically and in a lesser degree melodically, foreshadows much that comes later.

The Introduction starts with a dotted-rhythm theme played by all the strings, *pizzicato*, clarinets adding a sustained counter-theme above:

Ex. 1 *Adagio*.
Clar.
pp
Str.
pizz.
arco

The Introduction deals with this material for 34 bars. The first movement proper then begins with this subject:

Ex. 2 *Allegro*. ($\text{♩} = 80$)
pp
Str.

Observe how here, and in what follows, the risk of squareness is avoided by the use of phrases of five bars instead of the expected four. The dotted rhythm, insisted on during the Introduction, is rarely absent throughout the movement. It is used with delightful effect in the string accompaniment to the second subject, given out by the clarinet:

Ex. 3

The movement (suggestive of a military march) is founded almost entirely on the themes quoted.

The slow movement is simple and songlike, with this for its chief subject:

Ex. 4 *Andante*. ($\text{♩} = 76$)

The Scherzo is of the customary quick three-four type, based on these two themes:

Ex. 5
(a) *Allegro deciso*. ($\text{♩} = 84$)
f
&c.
(b)
p
&c.

The last movement dashes off (*Vivace*, crotchet = 160) in a manner that recalls the finales of Haydn:

Ex. 6

Want of space makes further quotation impossible; but the attentive listener will easily perceive the important part played in the development by the opening phrase of Example 6 and by melodic figures that begin with the bracketed fragment of Example 2. The Symphony throughout is typical of Schubert in its spontaneity (Grove suggests that it was written in a few hours!) and the mood ranges from cheerfulness to rattling high spirits.

Today the composer of a symphony would endeavour to secure its performance; at least he would jealously guard the manuscript. But Schubert—most prodigal of geniuses!—seems merely to have laid it aside. It was among the pile of manuscripts discovered after his death (and valued at 8s. 6d.) which furnished a stream of posthumous publications (among them the great C major Symphony) that lasted many years;

in fact, so many 'new' Schubert works were still appearing a decade after his death that musicians became excusably sceptical.

In 1846 Schubert's brother, Ferdinand, gave the manuscript of the E major Symphony to Mendelssohn, whose brother Paul handed it to that ardent Schubertian, Sir George

Grove, by whom it was placed in the library of the Royal College of Music, where it remains. So far only two of Schubert's symphonies have become really popular: it will be a queer turn of luck if they are joined by the one that the composer left to be 'realised' a century after his death.

HARVEY GRACE

Tramping This World Not Brave Nor New

By JEAN HAMILTON

IT is an instinct with rolling stones to escape from the ant-hill of organised existence. When you feel you are being engulfed there comes a wild desire to strike out for yourself.

I first remember having this feeling when I started on my first job in Melbourne, Australia. I was faced with the suffocating prospect of strap-hanging morning after morning with hundreds of others on a tram. Something wild rose inside me and protested at the idea. There is a river called the Yarra in Melbourne. It struck me as a grand idea to get a boat and row the two-and-a-half miles from my home to the city instead. I had no money to buy a boat and when I proposed to hire one the boatman made no bones about showing that he thought I was mad. Such a thing had never been done. Only a crazy person would want to do it when she could travel in comfort. But I went to visit that boatman every day for weeks. In the end he relented. So I rowed to my work in a city library for over four years.

In those days I had never been outside Australia, but I came from what you might call 'rolling-stock'. My great-grandfather came from Scotland with the first Victorian settlers. Two members of my family did the first trip with horses across the centre of Australia. It took them almost a year and they were reduced, for a time, to living on a ration of one teaspoon of flour per day. The elder member of this expedition, a great-

uncle of mine, later collected an aboriginal cricket team, which in the end was brought to England. But of course all that was before my time.

It took me years to win my way beyond Australia, but I succeeded in the end. I used to spend my spare time thinking up schemes for raising the necessary money. I took photographs of trees and sold them. I sold advertisement space. I interviewed captain after captain of sailing boats and cargo ships. But somehow the chance of a passage never seemed to coincide with a sufficiently swollen bank balance. At last, however, my chance came and my first objective was London.

London is a wonderful jumping-off place for almost any adventure, so London has been my headquarters ever since. But never more than headquarters. After a year or so I begin to feel the wind in my ears and I set off again, often with scarcely enough money to see me to my destination. I remember one year when I started off for Capri. I bought a third-class ticket to Naples and that left me with an English note to pay my fare across to Capri and enough foreign money to buy the buns and cups of tea on which I meant to feed on the way. But when you are travelling third-class and sitting up all night in a hermetically sealed compartment, with underwashed and overfed persons crushing you on both sides, you begin to feel that if you are to preserve that outward calm and



Evening on the Yarra, Melbourne

Australian Government

courage that characterises the Britisher abroad, something more than a bun and tea are indicated. The result was that I reached Naples with no foreign money at all—just one English half-crown and a note tucked in my bag. I knew perfectly well that it is rare for a boat to coincide with a train in Italy, and I was possessed by an awful panic lest I should find myself stranded overnight in Naples with no money at all to pay my hotel bill. So the minute the train got in I leaped upon an Italian porter, explained that I *must* catch a boat, and having no Italian money at all, thrust the half-crown into his hand. He gave one glance at it, seized my bags and began to run. Down the long platform we sped like the wind, scattering passengers, porters and baggage before us. Clearly the porter thought he was dealing with an eccentric millionairess. We flew to a taxi. I was thrust in, and my baggage after me. The porter tipped the good news to the taxi-driver, perhaps showed him the half-crown, and the next thing I remember is flying through the streets of Naples as if invading hosts were after us. We reached the pier from which the Capri boat leaves, just in time to see the gangway drawn up and the steamer start to draw out from the side! We were beaten, or so thought I. But not my driver. For the first time I realised the true power of money, or in this case supposed money. Our taxi went shooting up the wharf at about sixty miles an hour with the driver waving and simply bellowing from his wheel. To say the least you would have thought the King of Italy had been ignored. People began to crowd to the side of the steamer to see the cause of all the commotion, the taxi jerked to a halt alongside the moving steamer, I found myself hauled out, flung across a strip of water on to the safety of the deck, and my baggage tossed after me. I was just sitting up trying to collect my scattered senses when a hullabaloo which eclipsed all that had gone before broke out on the wharf behind me. It had suddenly dawned on my enthusiastic driver that he tossed his millionairess and every penny of her money completely beyond his reach! The porter may have had half-a-crown, but he had had *nothing*. Worse, I realised I had nothing to give him.

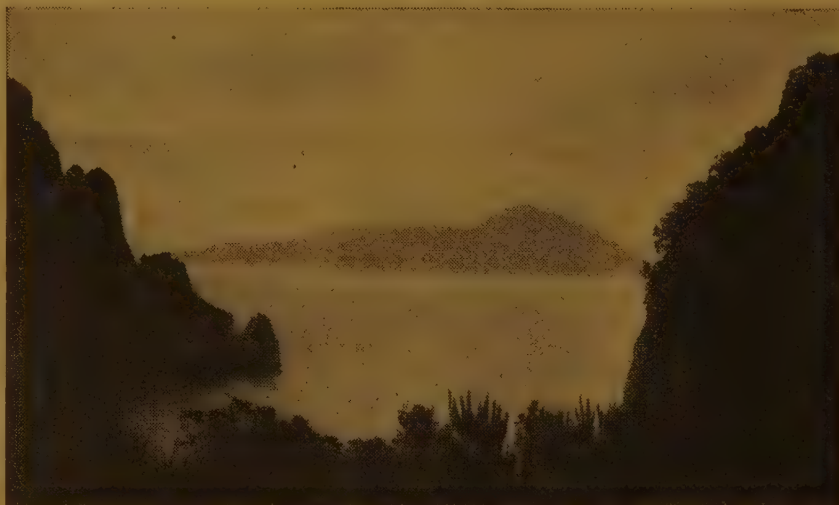
Quite a large stretch now separated the boat from the wharf, a crowd had collected round me, and an officer came pushing through to examine the cause of the uproar and ask for its ticket. It had to explain that it had none, and please could not something be done about that demented driver, who looked as if he were likely to explode and die upon the wharf. Upon hearing my small wail of distress the officer became quite human. He took the note I proffered, found one of smaller value in his pocket (little enough to come from a supposed millionairess, but certainly something) wrapped it in a piece of paper and tossed it towards the leaping, yelling taxi-man. It fell in the water, however, and the last I saw of my taxi-man was his clambering hastily into a boat to put out to the rescue. I then turned and surveyed the crowd which was still staring at me, and who should I see amongst them, regarding me with complete amazement, but my host! Explanation followed, but I met that story at every dinner party in Capri during my entire stay.

It was shortly after that escapade that I became obsessed with a desire to go and see Russia. This was in 1926 before tourists were encouraged, and though I had friends at the Foreign Office I tried for months before I succeeded in getting a visa. In the interim I considered all sorts of wild plans. Could one dress as a boy and stow away on a cargo boat? I went as

far as obtaining trousers and a jersey and dressing up in them, but when I surveyed the red-headed little waif who stared back at me from the mirror, I decided that my dignity could not stand for this, and I returned to more suitable attire and to possess my soul in patience.

My visa came through at last, but in the meantime I had spent all my money. So I set off for six weeks in what was then considered a wild and dangerous country with exactly £20 to see me through. I managed it though. As soon as I arrived in Leningrad, the daughters of a former General—they were teachers at one of the universities—took me under their wing. Thanks to them and their friends I thoroughly enjoyed my stay.

In the end I had seen everything I wanted except a Russian factory. Visitors to factories were not encouraged in those days, but owing to an amusing mistake I at length went all over a factory and even had the band brought out to welcome me. One of my friends came along as interpreter while I pleaded for a permit. At first we saw quite a minor official, and to begin with he was not encouraging, but suddenly everything changed. Bells rang, lifts shot up and down, telephones buzzed, we were whirled into some sort of sanctum, cars drew up at the door, we were ushered in as if we were distinguished visitors, and off we went to our factory.



The coast of Italy seen from Capri

After having been shown the works, we saw the workers' club attached, and it was then that the workers' band performed for our benefit. It was only on our humble way home that I asked my friend how she had performed this miracle, and she admitted with something of a smile that through misunderstanding her explanation of who I was the first official had jumped to the conclusion that I was representing the Society for Cultural

Relations for Australia, and it seemed such a pity to disillusion him that she had let the idea do its work!

I finally left Russia with only the clothes I stood up in. Clothes were so hard to come by in those days that everyone wanted to buy all my spare garments. I parted with my last jumper to a friend in a restaurant, taking it off and presenting it to him then and there. My departure from Russia was precipitous and unexpected, as one morning I made the discovery that the boat on which I had booked my passage for some days ahead was to sail in two hours! So I sped home to a household with whom I could only converse by means of signs, flung my things together, leaped into a drosky and departed. There was a snow storm, I remember, and it was miles to the boat. We reached there in time and I was just clambering on board when a small, much-wrapped object, panting and covered with snow, came paddling up to me and held out a parcel. He could not speak as he knew no English, but I undid the parcel, and found it contained my sponge-bag! This nine-year-old son of the house had run for over an hour through a snowstorm to bring me this trifle which I had forgotten. Small wonder that I retain affectionate memories of the Russians.

After Russia came a South American adventure when I went to Cape Horn as secretary to Professor Baldwin Spencer, and found myself the next winter yarning happily round a camp-fire with real sea pirates in a spot that a white woman had never visited before. There is no time to go into that fully here. It ended in the Professor's death when we were alone amongst the Indians, and a trip back to civilisation which I thought had cured me of wandering for life.



Leningrad—another port of call during Miss Hamilton's wanderings

But I know now that no rolling stone is ever cured. The other night as I lay asleep the sound of some ship's siren, as she nosed her way up the Thames, came drifting over London. I must have heard it through my dreams, because I woke to

find myself out of bed and groping for a suit-case. Subconsciously I was answering the call of the ship to be away again, and I do not expect it will be long before I answer it in earnest.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Children's War Pensions

THIS HAS BEEN ONE of the most important duties of my Department. One million, seven hundred and fifty thousand children—since 1914—drawing pensions or other grants have been a serious responsibility. A time has now come when most of these children have grown up, and this part of our work is nearly over. It has been far more than merely giving the children weekly allowances for their material needs. We have continued that for all of them up to the age of sixteen and sometimes till twenty-one. But besides that, we had to look after the well-being, education, and later, the employment of thousands of children. And these children had to be given individual attention. Now, we could only give them individual attention by reaching the children in their own homes. To do that, we had to invoke the help of local people. So we organised a controlling body at headquarters—the Special Grants Committee—and 166 Local War Pensions Committees. In every district of the British Isles, there were voluntary helpers working with these Committees, at one time as many as 25,000 of them. The Members of Committees come from Local Councils, Education Authorities, Employers, Trades Unions, Ex-Service and other voluntary bodies. Thus each Committee represents and is in touch with every side of life in its particular district, and so it can give the children the best advice and help in getting suitable education and employment.

With this powerful help, the Ministry has accomplished one of the most difficult of its tasks. We have had not merely to pay out the weekly pensions, but to see that the children got the full benefit of the money. This was very necessary in some cases. For instance, we have found over 5,000 children drawing pensions but so seriously neglected, some of them so crippled or ailing, that the Ministry has had to adopt them and provide them with homes and foster-parents. Then there were the 27,000 orphan children—without either father or mother—each of whom has had to be watched over continually by a voluntary helper.

But I think the crown of all this work, for the children of both officers and men, has been to help them to get the education and placing in life best suited to them. Our grants have helped over 50,000 boys and girls to get an education which otherwise they

would not have had. Hundreds of them have gone on to training colleges and universities; many have achieved high distinction and many are taking good posts in business, in engineering and other professions. For instance, one of our boys has reached the high post of Senior Pathologist at a big London hospital. Another, whom we found completely neglected, is now a mining engineer at a high salary in Africa. And these are only two instances out of many hundreds.

RT. HON. G. C. TRYON

Problem of the Belga

Broadcast on March 21

WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED the problem of the Belga in the last few days can be put much more simply as follows: what should be the future currency policy of Belgium? All through the depression she has remained a member of the so-called 'gold-block'. That is, a group of European countries which includes France, Poland, Holland, Switzerland and Belgium itself. The Belga is simply the name for five Belgian francs. Thirty-five Belgas—that is, 175 Belgian francs—were equal in gold content to one pound before we went off gold. But whereas one English pound is no longer worth the same amount in gold, the Belga still buys as much gold as it did before the onset of the depression.

Now, in proportion to resources, Belgium is probably the most dependent of all European countries on her export markets. Moreover, in regard to certain products, she is an important competitor of our own, for example in iron and steel. The fall in the value of the pound makes it difficult for her to compete with us in other markets and keep up her exports to us unless indeed she manages to make up for the higher level of her exchange by getting her costs down. She has been very successful in doing this, but the strain has been very great. The pound has been falling again recently, and that, in combination with very heavy unemployment, has unsettled opinion in Belgium. There is a limit to the extent to which wages and other costs can be made to fall. Last week-end it looked as if France might save the situation, but on Monday it became necessary for Belgium to institute control over foreign exchange dealings—a measure which always encourages the evils it is intended to avoid. On

Tuesday the Cabinet resigned. It has not so far been possible to form a new Cabinet, and meanwhile the Belgian franc, though it is still on gold, is a controlled gold franc, and that makes a great difference. During the week has also come the announcement of the new British duties on iron and steel, certainly not favourable to Belgium.

There are four alternatives for Belgium to adopt. Firstly, she can stay 'put' (and it must not be forgotten that her reserve position is very strong). The reserve ratio of her Central Bank is about 75 per cent. But once the stability of a currency is questioned, 'staying put' becomes difficult.

Secondly, she could follow the British experiment and try a free currency with official support through an exchange equalisation fund. That is psychologically very difficult for a country which has twice already since the War had currency difficulties.

Thirdly, she can de-value. That is, she can keep to gold, but make the Belga a unit with a smaller gold content than the present one. That policy would perhaps satisfy those who think the present exchange too high. The difficulty is that if the pound goes on falling, the present situation may repeat itself.

Lastly, it would be possible for Belgium to link up her currency with the British pound: in other words to join the 'sterling club'. That would be definitely abandoning gold for the time being, but it would also enable her to compete more easily with us at home and abroad. It might on the other hand also mean an increase in tariffs and quotas by all who, like ourselves, are liable to be affected by Belgian competition. Thus Belgium might be not much better off, and international trade be even more hampered than it is now. Moreover, one cannot overlook the possibility of other members of the 'gold block' following Belgium's example. Whatever the long run effects of a collapse of the 'gold block' might be, the short run effects would be intensification of currency chaos at a time when international political events are already upsetting the money and capital markets.

PROFESSOR T. E. GREGORY

The Deposed 'Queen of the Seven Seas'

MANY PEOPLE MIGHT DIFFER from me—but I firmly believe that inanimate things built by man can and do possess a personality providing we are 'in tune' with them. Immediately I took over command of the *Mauretania* I felt we were one—in tune and personality. She had just been fitted out as a hospital ship, and touring her decks, it was hard to believe we were in a ship. From October, 1915—until she was decommissioned in March, 1916, we had been running between Southampton and Mudros bringing home the sick and wounded from Gallipoli. We carried, in those days, 2,200 sick and wounded and, to attend these suffering men, thirty-six medical officers and about seventy nursing sisters were on board with 120 orderlies. I often heard how officers and men did their utmost to come home in the *Mauretania*.

In March, 1917, I took her up to the Clyde to lay up at the tail of the bank for safety. There she remained until the Admiralty took her over in January, 1918, and gave orders to commission her as H.M.S. *Mauretania* armed with six 6-in. guns and detailed to carry American troops.

We carried about 35,000 officers and men by the time the Armistice was signed, several voyages bringing over 5,200 officers and men with a ship's complement of 992, and from fifty to 100 Government passengers, making a total of over 6,300 on board.

In January, 1919, we were decommissioned and took returning U.S. and Canadian troops home. In May, 1919, the ship was placed on her old regular passenger trade, but Liverpool was abandoned for Southampton, and only once in the meantime has the *Mauretania* been to Liverpool. From Southampton and Cherbourg to New York and returning *via* Cherbourg and occasionally calling at Plymouth was our usual routine. The 'Queen of the Seven Seas' very soon got into her stride, and the regularity of her voyages made her the wonder of the world. Voyage after voyage, we made the run from New York to Cherbourg with the regularity of an express train—only a few minutes' difference after a run of over 3,000 miles across the Atlantic.

Many distinguished people have walked her decks—ambassadors and politicians of many nations, great soldiers and naval officers, well-known authors, actresses and actors, and prominent men in the business world. During my eleven years in the *Mauretania* I made many friends and with these friends spent

many happy week-ends when in New York enjoying their hospitality in their own homes.

I have mentioned my firm belief of being 'on terms' with my ship. This love of my ship and understanding gave me a confidence in handling her to such an extent that I never remember having any doubt but that she would do anything I would require. Believe me or not, but on many occasions when we have been in a tight corner and come through unscathed, I have imagined the ship would vibrate in a manner similar to a dog wagging his tail, as much as to say 'how's that?'

After the ship was converted to oil fuel, she appeared to me far more satisfied, and it was then she steamed faster and better than ever. Naturally the Atlantic is not an ocean which shows a smiling face all the time, and gales of wind with treacherous heavy seas alternate at times with days of fog and mist, giving a fair allowance of fine weather. But through fair weather and foul, the *Mauretania* gave us of her best. Now her days are numbered. She has worn her crown with honour to herself and our flag—worked hard with a record of service second to none.

She came into service as the most luxurious and fastest ocean passenger ship afloat, maintained her popularity and speed up to the very last, for twenty-two years holding the speed record and only giving way to a more modern and faster vessel as she approached mature age. Through the brains and with the hands of man, she was built and run, and by the hands of man she will be dismembered, but after sailing the seas of this earth for so long, she will sail the seas of our memories for many years, even though the name *Mauretania* is all that she leaves behind with the memories of the most graceful ship ever built to cross the ocean.

SIR ARTHUR ROSTRON

In the Navy of the 'Nineties

IN THE NAVY OF THE 'NINETIES the victualling of the ships' companies was still many years behind what was common practice in mercantile ships.

A man was detailed off as 'Cook of the Mess' each day, and would draw the meat and a certain amount of vegetables in a raw state. It would be his duty to prepare some sort of dinner to be cooked at the galley by the ship's cooks, for his mess. Instead of a certain amount of provisions not drawn, money (called Mess savings) was allowed. This was added to each month out of the bluejackets' pockets to provide them with such things as butter and jam, etc., which could be bought at the canteens.

On the average, a man was expected to pay about 10s. a month towards his mess account.

All uniform clothing at this time was made by the men themselves, and was quite a different pattern from what is worn at the present day.

The material was served out each month by the yard, and the men who couldn't make their own clothes had to pay someone else to make them for them. In this way quite a lot of men made a bit to add to their pay, with the aid of a sewing machine and in their spare time. A pair of blue cloth trousers, which we wore then as No. 1 and 2 dress, took a yard and a quarter to make at 8s. 4d. a yard, and was usually made by a man who specialised in trousers, and he would charge 5s. to make a pair. And this was at a time when an able seaman's money was 1s. 8d. a day (and other ratings more or less).

If an article of clothing looked in any way shabby when a man was at divisions, an officer would just order him to get new to replace it, without thinking whether the man could afford it or not. This sometimes caused a man to be in debt to the Crown for some time, and would perhaps be the result of duties performed, and not by fair wear. In the old days, I have had to stand in No. 1 dress, and a white straw hat, waiting for some important personage, while the rain poured down on us, and we were not allowed to wear an oilskin or waterproof. Is it any wonder our clothes got ruined? And perhaps, immediately on top, we would have to heave up anchor and get under way, and so get splashed with the mud of the sea-bed; very hard on us, before we could take off our No. 1 dress.

Well, the times have changed, and the men who man the ships have changed too. Thanks to the wonderful improvements made by science, in such a short space of time as one man's life, it has changed our Navy so much that men of my day would be lost if put on board a present-day battleship. What's more to my mind, the modern bluejacket is very, very far from being a sailor—as we knew the term in the old days of the Navy of the 'nineties.

JERRY NUNN



Reindeer rounded up in corral ready for selection

N.W.T. and Y. Branch, Dept. of Interior.

Reindeer Trek Across Canada

By H. KEMBER

LATE in 1929 the Government of Canada, concerned about the food supplies of the remote settlers, chiefly Eskimos of the North-West, decided to adopt a plan recommended by its officials of the Department of the Interior, to purchase in Alaska a herd of some 3,000 reindeer to place in the 6,000 square miles preserve set aside for them on the Eastern shores of the Mackenzie River.

The story of this long reindeer trek across the north-western hinterlands of Canada has been called, I think justly, an epic of the Far North. Certainly its successful completion demands a tribute to the courage and fortitude of the men who, after five years across 1,600 miles of sub-Arctic country, have at last led their charges to their destination.

Andrew Bahr, a reindeer expert, Laplander by birth and sixty years of age, was engaged to take charge, assisted by three other veteran Lapps and six Eskimos. Thousands of reindeer were assembled at Elephant Point on the West Alaskan Coast, where a careful selection was made, including a number of deer trained to draw sledges or perform other important duties as leaders. Eventually a start was made on December 16, 1929.

Grizzlies and Wolves

The proposed route had been carefully mapped from the air; provisions were stored, and it was estimated that the journey would be completed within two years. It soon became clear, however, that the animals must be allowed their own time and to some extent their own way. Unanticipated difficulty arose from wandering herds of caribou which met and intermingled with the migrants, and at times successfully tempted them to wander off in the wrong direction. The husky dogs of the trail were frequently required to scare off hungry grizzlies and wolves that hung on the outskirts of the slow-moving column, and the herdsmen were often compelled to keep going for hours at a stretch without rest or food, for if they relaxed the herd would be scattered beyond control. They had to cross streams and rivers, plunge over or through muskies, break a trail through almost unknown territory, and all the time face weather conditions that ranged from the mosquito-laden heat of a short midsummer to blizzards and snowstorms in a temperature of sixty degrees below zero.

Most of the travelling had to be done in the winter, too, for the summer months were reserved for breeding and resting periods. Even then, caches of food had to be placed in advance of the column. In this way the herd was guided slowly eastward. By the spring of 1930 the Hunt River was reached, considerably behind the scheduled time. Here the first fawning season took place. Later in that year the reindeer again moved forward, but the animals were, for the greater part, young and intractable.

Delay was also caused by the unwillingness of the deer to leave any good pasturage until they had eaten it bare. Great

hardships had also been encountered. In one storm five hundred of the animals strayed, and it was six months before they were rounded up. But Bahr and his herdsmen never seemed to despair. More than once sections of the herd had to be sacrificed for food. During one prolonged blizzard one of the herders missed his own son, who had gone three days without food, until in the last extremity, and having lost all sense of direction, he sighted a lonely igloo where a white woman, the wife of an absent trapper, rescued him.

Progress was, as you may imagine, painfully slow, and it was not before the spring of 1933 that the herd reached Canadian soil, where plans were made for the later stages of the journey.

Blizzard and Stampede

By January, 1934, the herd had just reached a point almost within sight of the goal, but in a seventy-mile dash across the mouth of the frozen Mackenzie River Bahr discovered that, owing to the high winds and blizzards which had prevailed, large stretches of the ice had been blown clear of snow, and as the deer could not travel on the open ice, it was necessary to make frequent and long detours in order to get a footing for the animals. After they had been out for more than forty-eight hours a heavy blizzard came up, and in the midst of this the deer stampeded back along their trail to the grazing area of Shingle Point, where they had spent the previous summer. So the reindeer were grazed until last autumn, when the gradual movement eastward was resumed.

Now the reindeer have reached the outposts of their new home. The details of their arrival have not yet been received, but the long trail has evidently been accomplished. Nearly half the original herd is reported to have died from the hardships of the trek, but numerous calves were born every year, and the herd is now not far from its former strength.

The result of this experiment will be watched with keen interest. Its success will be very welcome to the Eskimos of the Mackenzie Delta, who have so seriously depleted their natural supplies of caribou and walrus and for whom new resources were imperative. The foresight of the Government of Canada, coupled with the indomitable spirit of Andrew Bahr and his men, may not only open up for them fresh sources of food and clothing, but may mark the beginning of a completely revolutionising effect upon the hitherto restricted life of the territory.

The statistics which have been issued showing the composition of wireless programmes in Germany during the last ten years indicate that between 1925 and 1934 the proportion of music rose from 62.3 to 68.2, while the proportion of talks fell from 25.5 to 9.9. The deficiency in the latter is partly made good by the rise of 'actuality' broadcasts from 0.3 to 6.4 per cent., these corresponding to our outside broadcasts and eye-witness descriptions.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

Grade A Culture and the B.B.C.

I think it can fairly be said that music in the B.B.C. has always adopted the policy of 'Grade A Culture' in all its activities, from the most serious to the lightest. 'Grade A only' is a motto which might well be hung in every studio, and, indeed even over the console of the cinema organ. But while entirely agreeing with Mr. Dulac in his main contention, I find his suggestions tend towards the expression of his own personal tastes rather than the policy which he is advocating. Taking these suggestions individually: (a) Light Music. The removal of 'Grade C' stuff from light music is a subject which already has our most serious attention. All the studio programmes of light music are already rigidly censored by a 'Grade A' musician. Why, however, should the ballad be taboo? The best ballad in the hands of the best singer can be made a medium for simple and direct artistic expression. In view of the great number of 'Grade C' ballads and their singers, I agree this form of entertainment requires to be used discreetly and with only the best material. The cinema organ is left to the cinema and only broadcasts from there. Other organs play only classical music, or, in some of the lighter programmes, pieces transcribed by organists specially for their instrument. I may add that organ recitals of all kinds take up nothing like 35 or 40 per cent. of broadcasting time.

(b) The separation of classical music into a group apart would, I submit, be neither an advisable nor a practicable possibility. Surely no art is capable of such arbitrary division since there is a complete uninterrupted range from the most serious to the most frivolous. Broadcasting with its many hours of programme service daily is luckily in a position to co-relate all forms of music rather than segregate them.

(c) I am afraid I am unable, unlike Mr. Dulac, to divide music into light and classical, leaving a group in between belonging to neither category. Bad music and pretentious music I agree should be weeded out. As to modern music, it has also always been the policy of the B.B.C. to present all such developments, and in every principal series of concerts the modern element is always well represented.

(d) Our policy in all music has been to present as far as possible the composition in the method and manner which the composer intended. When dealing with programmes of 'musical compositions with exotic titles by European composers' we endeavour neither to stress nor to suppress their exotic significance.

MUSIC DIRECTOR, B.B.C.

The following comments may be made in connection with Mr. Edmund Dulac's letter published in your last issue:

(1) The political talks do not represent anything like 20 per cent. of talks time. I question whether they are either superfluous or of questionable value. Anything less educative than to provide a platform exclusively for new economic theories like the Roosevelt plan or the Douglas scheme, without setting them alongside accepted economic theories, I cannot imagine.

(2) All the evidence of correspondence and impressions received here is against the view that travel talks in the absence of television are of little value. From every age-range of listeners we get, in fact, an increasing demand for travel talks, which are among the most popular features of our programme.

(3) Talks on history, which find their place chiefly in school programmes, are in fact planned on the lines Mr. Dulac proposes and deal far more with life, customs and beliefs than with figures and events.

(4) We do not regard extra-European, ancient or native music as a joke or nonsense; witness repeated programmes by Philip Thornton and others, dating back to the 'Strange Music' series, all of which have been popular and none of which have been frivolously handled.

(5) Considering limitations of subjects, I very much doubt whether art talks should be a regular feature both for schools and for the public. Reference to programmes over the last three

or four years will, however, indicate how extensive and sympathetic has been the treatment of art in our programmes. It is true that nothing has yet been done in schools, but the matter is under consideration by the Council. I very much question whether art talks should all be given by people with a contemporary point of view, though I think we have done full justice to that point of view in our various series. I quite agree that the tone of all talks should be devoid of any Sunday-school facetiousness, but I was unaware that any of them are in fact of this kind.

DIRECTOR OF TALKS, B.B.C.

If all we had to do was to decide what was best, and then plug it, we should be more self-satisfied over School Broadcasting than we are. The trouble is that it's no good just scattering inspiration on the air: we have to know all the thousand varieties of child and teacher and school conditions, and directly you know the listening-end, you cease to generalise. If it could be said that school broadcasting were doing what Mr. Dulac wants it to do—if it could be said that a well-meaning minority were attempting to impose its own superb culture on the schools—it would be serious condemnation: not because it is a bad thing to do, but because it cannot be done. In schools organised as they are in England, any attempt at imposition by the Central Council for School Broadcasting would only result in superficiality and woolliness. The schools are much too various for an imposed scheme to work in with them. Perhaps this is only another way of saying that it is incredibly difficult to find people who are as much Grade A to all the children in the country as they are to yourself.

Some fourteen hundred teachers and, I hope, some fifty or sixty thousand children would not agree with Mr. Dulac that the travel talks are useless without television. Surely this kind of talk depends more on what pictures arise in the children's minds than on what pictures are put in front of them. Television would help a good deal but in the meantime the schools are getting, vicariously, a lot of vivid experience. And I don't think that his criticisms of the History broadcasts are justified; because they certainly do deal with life, customs and beliefs as well as with figures and events.

I am very glad that Mr. Dulac believes there is a place for talks to schools on art. The Central Council for School Broadcasting has just set up a committee to see if anything useful can be done in this way. His suggestion that extra-European, ancient and native music should be broadcast to schools will be considered by the Music Committee at their next meeting.

ASSISTANT SCHOOL TALKS DIRECTOR, B.B.C.

Mr. Dulac is a very distinguished artist, but, like many distinguished artists, he does not seem to be an entirely practical person. Nothing could be more certain to destroy the proper relationship between the B.B.C. and its public than to establish in general the principle that it exists for the propagation of culture of any grade whatsoever. Too many people are of the opinion that the B.B.C. exists to educate and to cultivate while simultaneously handing out a certain amount of second-rate entertainment as a sort of sop to the low-brow it despises. Nothing of the kind is or should be the case. No doubt the Variety Director will have something to say with regard to Mr. Dulac's slighting reference to the 'standard of Brighton Pier'. There is nothing wrong with Brighton Pier entertainment, provided it is good of its kind.

Mr. Dulac demands that the broadcast play should be short and pithy. Again he proves himself idealistic and impractical. If he will find me a sufficiency of short and pithy plays, I shall be delighted to produce them; but if by short and pithy plays he simply means a dramatised anecdote, I fear he cannot have given the necessary attention to what has been done in the shape of radio drama since he listened to 'Ingredient X'—which, as wireless plays go, incidentally was neither short nor parti-

cularly pithy; it was of a length which has been usually considered ideal from the broadcasting point of view, and it was of very considerable complexity.

Mr. Dulac is no doubt in the fortunate position of being able to go to the theatre whenever he pleases. The majority of the audience that listens to broadcast plays is not similarly situated. To replace our wireless adaptations of Shakespeare, of Ibsen, of Tchekov, and of Eden Phillpotts for short plays, however pithy, by inferior writers would not be commonsense, nor would it, in my view, do very much towards increasing 'Grade A Culture', should that entirely loathsome ideal be for a moment accepted as desirable.

DRAMA DIRECTOR, B.B.C.

While having the greatest possible respect for Mr. Edmund Dulac as an illustrator and having fallen in love with each of his almond-eyed princesses in turn, I am afraid that, in discussing the rights and wrongs of broadcasting, he has entered a field which is strange to him.

'Grade A' is a classification usually applied to milk, and the fact that Mr. Dulac can seriously write about 'Grade A Culture' shows that, like so many sincere, but wrong-minded, humanitarians, he is anxious that free culture should be doled out much in the same way as free milk is already distributed in schools and health centres. Though I am as anxious as the next man that every member of the community should enjoy as much pure milk as can be provided for him, I am not convinced for a moment that pure culture can be distributed in this way. It seems to be a common belief, fostered, I am afraid, by broadcasting as well as by cheap publishing and the popular press, that such intangible qualities as wisdom and culture can be administered in stiff, though palatable, doses from without, instead of being acquired by an infinity of subtle, and sometimes painful, experience from within. To have seen a coloured news-reel of China is not to have known and felt the East as Marco Polo knew and felt it; to have had the Fifth Symphony played 'at' you twenty times from a loudspeaker is not to have discovered Beethoven as some country musician of fifty years ago discovered him by walking ten miles to a concert and spending a month's savings on his ticket; any more than to have a six-penny book entitled *Healthy Courtship* by heart is to be a Romeo, an Abelard or a Casanova. To have *seen* is nothing, to have *felt* is everything, and it is a tragic result of this age of cheap communication that misguided humanitarians like Mr. Dulac should imagine that to fire a barrage of 'Grade A Culture' at a world that is becoming yearly more timid, mass-produced and lacking in personality could bring about a second Renaissance. Mass-culture, Grade A, is a horrible idea—and a contradiction in terms!

The larger implications of Mr. Dulac do not concern me particularly (there will, I have no doubt, be others to contest them). What I do take exception to is the suggestion that broadcast Variety should discard 'the Brighton Pier element'. I am no more satisfied with Variety material than Mr. Dulac is, but to me the Brighton Pier element appears a hundred times more entertaining and worth while than the 'Coney Island element' of imported jazz and cheap wise-cracks, or the 'sophisticated' element which aims to entertain by being affectedly funny about subjects which are not suitable for public mention. The Brighton Pier element is the element of the Victorian music-hall, noisy, ribald, very close to common life. It fostered more vivid personalities, more genuine 'entertainers' in fifty years than so-called modern Variety is likely to foster in a thousand years. It roused a laugh, not a snigger; it set its audience singing, instead of monotonously tapping its feet and howling like uneasy dogs; and it had, thank God, not a suggestion of 'Grade A Culture' behind it!

VARIETY DIRECTOR, B.B.C.

Authors and Booksellers

Mr. Herbert Read calls upon me to substantiate a statement I did not make, and says that unless I do so my statements 'are just as flimsy as his'. His reasoning would seem to be a little defective, but in any case comparatively few 'best sellers' by 'successful authors' of the kind to which Mr. Blackwell referred have come my way. My firm renders each year several thousand royalty accounts, many of them arising out of agreements signed by my predecessors over thirty years ago. It would be an arduous task to make the analysis Mr. Read desires, and as the agreements are mostly for scholarly works whose distinguished

authors are unsuccessful in a worldly sense the analysis if made would not help the discussion. But one striking fact would emerge from their examination, *viz.* that whereas the royalty agreements in the days of my predecessors were on a straight 10 per cent basis, at least 95 per cent of royalty agreements of recent times are on a sliding scale, rising as the sales progress. Nowadays, therefore, authors get a much larger share of the profits of a *successful* book than ever before. The trouble is that so few scholarly books are successful. But for that fact the reluctance of English public to *buy* such books is to blame.

London, W.C.1

STANLEY UNWIN

The Peace Ballot

In his broadcast debate with Viscount Cecil on the 'Peace Ballot', published in *THE LISTENER* of March 13, the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery said: 'You would have us join in if the other nations at Geneva are in favour of intervention. I am not prepared to face the terrible issue of war except in defence of a definite and vital British interest'. There must be few who have likewise made no advance on the pre-War conception of power diplomacy. There are certainly few who will agree with Mr. Amery's closing remark: 'This ballot is just so much wastepaper, and the place to which I trust our listeners will consign it is the wastepaper basket'. Mr. Amery may be interested to know that the following Universities' Manifesto in favour of the National Declaration has been signed so far by some 300 officers of different student organisations, representing every type of political, religious, and cultural opinion, in nearly thirty universities in the British Isles and other parts of the world:

'We, the undersigned, being representative of all types of student opinion, believing that questions of war and peace personally concern every man and woman, and believing that nothing but good can come of the expression of opinion as to the future policy of this country in its efforts to maintain peace, and confidently assured of the non-partisan nature of the questions, strongly urge every citizen over the age of 18 to express his opinion, whatever it may be, by voting in the National Declaration'.

F. C. NEWTON

Chairman, Cambridge University Branch,
British Universities' League of Nations Society

'Between Two Worlds'

I hardly think your reviewer, Mr. Madge, does justice either to Mr. Middleton Murry's autobiography *Between Two Worlds* or to Mr. Middleton Murry himself. In fact one cannot resist the conclusion that the reviewer appears to be actuated by an animus against the views which Mr. Murry has since come to hold, despite the fact that to a student of Mr. Murry's writings his later opinions are perfectly consonant with, and, indeed, proceed logically from, his earlier spiritual and intellectual struggles. Otherwise, why does Mr. Madge, after quoting Mr. Murry's statement 'I seem to have been forced towards literature by a process of simple elimination', add the gibe, 'There speaks the man who in default of a working knowledge of biology and politics was to invent meta-biology and meta-marxism'. Is it seriously suggested that a working knowledge of biology is a necessary qualification for writing a book the theme of which is the reconciliation of science and religion? And even supposing it was, does it follow that because Mr. Murry admits his bent towards literature he has read no biology? Moreover, is a man of letters who has read and studied Marx to be debarred from writing about Marx, or if he does so is his writing the less authoritative because he is first of all a man of letters?

Mr. Madge continues, 'Like the men he (Murry) admires, Rousseau, Keats, Dostoevsky, he is compelled to reveal the truth, and the truth is his own untruthfulness. Greater men than these, Tolstoy, Flaubert, Stendhal. . . .' The reference to Rousseau as being admired by Mr. Murry is strange following as it does an actual quotation from Mr. Murry's book where the author states 'Jean-Jacques can hardly be called detestable, yet he is certainly not likeable'. That hardly sounds like admiration. And on what basis of criticism, except Mr. Madge's preference possibly, are Tolstoy, Flaubert and Stendhal rated higher than Rousseau, Keats and Dostoevsky? Which is greater than which? How can Flaubert be compared with Keats? Is Mr. Madge really serious when he states that there is one admission which Mr. Murry in his autobiography never makes, 'his utter lack of critical capacity, his inability to distinguish good from bad, his

gullibility. . . ? If so, I feel that such a seemingly churlish statement were best ignored. Fortunately, however, there are many people who know the writings of Mr. Murry even if Mr. Madge does not, and they know that not only is Mr. Murry one of the greatest of English literary critics (he even has the temerity to criticise Marx) but is also a man who has devoted his life to distinguishing good from bad and to encouraging others to use their critical faculties to equal purpose.

Norbury

J. H. THOMPSON

Corby Criticised

The 'many mistakes of fact' in my first written review of Corby are Mr. Gotch's estimate and not mine. As he indeed implies in his letter, the information which was subsequently placed at my disposal was not of a kind to make me modify the main lines of my opinion. Much of it was in the nature of extenuating circumstances, and to these I tried to give due importance in my talk. I am genuinely sorry if I failed; but, after all, my job was to review Corby as I found it—and not to assess responsibilities, moral or otherwise.

Mr. Gotch would have it thought that I am alone in finding much to criticise at Corby; I do not propose to commit a breach of confidence in order to refute this.

Mapledurham

GEOFFREY M. BOUMPHREY

'Social Credit or Socialism'

Bonamy Dobrée's review of my book *Social Credits or Socialism* is so kindly in tone that it would seem churlish if I expressed more than the mildest disagreement with his views. I do not quarrel with his plea that Major Douglas was in a position of difficulty, but the request was made to the Macmillan Committee—presumably with his approval—that he should be allowed to give evidence, and no limitation was placed on him because the Chairman expressly asked him to state his own practical remedy. My own feeling is that the examination shows that he failed, not so much because he was an inexperienced witness as because his theory will not stand the test of analysis.

Your reviewer places the onus upon the orthodox economists

to explain certain anomalies, and if considerations of space permitted I should like to attempt such an explanation. At the same time I would suggest that the onus is more on Major Douglas to prove that his proposals are the right cure for those anomalies than it is on his opponents to reconcile them with their beliefs. In other words, the existence of a disease does not justify any particular remedy until that remedy is first shown to be the right one.

Mr. Dobrée twits me with approving the principle of the National Dividend, and asks why it should be inflation in Major Douglas' case and not inflation under Socialism. He deals a severe blow at my vanity there, for I imagined I had made it perfectly clear that the National Dividend I had in mind was not an addition to purchasing-power as in Major Douglas' proposals, but a distribution—under Social Ownership—of that part of the product which is now claimed as interest and profit by the present owners of the productive machinery. Major Douglas' National Dividends would, in my view, produce inflation precisely because all legitimate dividends are already distributed to the owners of plant, machinery, and goodwill, in the form of private profits.

St. Albans

W. R. HISKETT

I notice that Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, in a review of Mr. Hiskett's book *Social Credits or Socialism* in your issue of March 13, makes the following statement: '*The Economist*, of November 17 last, so far admitted the A and B contention as to say that former wages were crystallised in final products'.

The Economist of November 17 contained an article 'By a Correspondent', on page 926, to which Mr. Dobrée presumably refers. In that article occurs the following passage: 'Final products contain costs of machinery, etc., in which former wages are already crystallised'. Such an observation by one of our Correspondents is said to admit 'so far' the A and B contention. I question how 'far' beyond the bounds of a truism this 'admission' can logically lead anyone. The correct statement of an undisputed major premiss is no support for fallacious inference.

London, E.C. 4

D. GRAHAM HUTTON
Assistant Editor, *The Economist*

Short Story

Invisible Fish

By H. A. MANHOOD

ALL the way home from Malacca Johnny Moxon had dreamed and talked to Bos'un Peskett of the money he was going to make out of his tank of invisible fish, money enough to buy a little pub on the quays of his native town and start him on a life of ease after thirty years of rope-wind and pea-soup. A couple of hundred pounds maybe, if he was lucky. Most chaps looked for precious stones or metal or antique stuff to pave the way but he'd used his brains and looked elsewhere.

They'd been crab-crawling along the Peninsular when the idea came to him, picking up an odd cargo of rubber, tortoiseshell, teak, sugar, rattans, and spices. The old *Tea-Taster* was captained by her owner, a dignified little teapot of a man who managed to pick up a living because dividends weren't of first importance to him, dealing with one or two old-fashioned firms who valued dignity and reliability above time. About the last of his kind, and he knew it. A fine seaman, and Johnny thought twice about retirement from his service as he leaned upon the rail in that dreamy little harbour where the palms leaned towards the sleeky sea and young Malays with candid eyes and round, jolly faces forked about the ship in neat, flower-trimmed canoes, playing touch-me-if-you-can. But then Johnny remembered a stiffness in his legs and a weakness in his eyes at times and a pub on the quays smelt like heaven to him. He'd a bit saved up, but not much, for he'd kept his mother going out of his seaman's pay until she died; if only he could manage to double that sum somehow.

He thought again about the fish, tiny ghosts with trans-

parent flesh and thready bones, queer, unbelievable things which, when disturbed, blew mysteriously a smoky fluid which hung like a delicate trailing seaweed about them, nothing concealing nothing as you might say. And the beauty of it was that they lived in either salt or fresh water. As well as he could he questioned the Malays, striking a bargain. A few old clothes and a little money for a tankful of fish. They laughed and chattered and agreed, the oily scented smell of them remaining when they had gone as if their gestures were printed on the air.

Johnny tinkered an old tank, squared Bos'un Peskett to let it stand hidden but accessible, and collected fish in odd pots from the Malays, emptying them into the tank. They brought bits of weed and shells too, that the fish might feel at home, only they didn't put it that way. They gabbed cock-eyed verses and acted with their whole bodies, wishing the fish a pleasant voyage, and then, liking Johnny for some reason which he never knew, they brought a great hand of bananas, durians and green coconuts and some rice and seaweed, for a feast. But the afternoon rains broke early that day and they hopped away like a merry lot of seals, and Johnny wasn't really sorry for he wanted roast beef rather than fruit.

Very happily while the sudden hissing rain and wind lasted he sat under canvas, plaiting cane to cover the tank. That evening they sailed for home under a flying purple sky, away from the steaming, rich-coloured shore, the old man pleased with his trading but solemn as always, aware of Johnny's tank but indulgent.

All through that long voyage home Johnny prayed for an even keel, changing the water in the tank day by day, accumulating the fish to a falling temperature. And they survived; thrived even. The brown smelly scum of the Red Sea was left behind, the ship clockworking through the Canal. Then the Mediterranean, Gibraltar and home waters. Excited as a boy in love Johnny grinned to himself and imagined the sale he'd hold on the first market day at home. Three fish in a pot for a shilling; they'd jump at it, those West Country stay-at-homes. He'd keep a few fish for a tank in his own parlour, maybe call the pub itself the *Invisible Fish*.

Many times he peered down into the tank and wondered how many fish were there, but you couldn't see more than a few hurrying wisps of things unless you wallowed the tank and then the water fairly boiled with movement. Three for a shilling; much better value than goldfish from Japan. Grinning slyly, Bos'un Peskett would agree. No more sailing or sweating, Johnny swore, and in his gratefulness he promised free lodging to Peskett at the *Invisible Fish*. How much d'you reckon to make? Andy Peskett enquired, sucking in his lips like a hungry jellyfish. Johnny told him over and over again unsuspectingly and Peskett would lounge away musingly, leaving Johnny pondering on whether, if he couldn't get glass globes from the glass works at the back of the town, jumpots would do.

One late-summer evening the *Tea-Taster* anchored sedately within sight of neat, whitewashed cottages and sloping gardens snugly lining a handsome bay. A fresh, sweet light was on the town and a mellow sounding church bell was like a count of each rounded minute into a soft-lined box. A cow was lowing and Johnny's heart swung easily after the gulls as they looped above smoking chimneys. The last port before home. The old man had business ashore. Sailing for home day after tomorrow. Shore leave for all who wanted it. Johnny went with the rest, Peskett keeping close company. At the first pub they stopped for a drink and there upon the wall was a list of market days, advertising one for the morrow. Johnny scratched his head and refused another drink, buttonholing Peskett, stuttering impetuously: 'Damme if I don't have a sale tomorrow!'

Peskett thought it a choice idea. 'You just leave the pots to me, sailor. I know the daughter up at the hardware house; she'll know where to lay hands on a packet of 'em. I'll have 'em waiting for you by the morning'.

Johnny gave grateful thanks and hurried back to the ship. The old man stared quizzically as he climbed from his dinghy to the quay and Johnny clicked his heels and explained.

'Well, good luck to you, Moxon', the old man blinked humorously: 'See that you don't part with the substance for a shadow though'.

Johnny leaned against a bollard and thought it all out. Peskett would fix the bowls all right, to be delivered at a pub in the market square. He'd be able to work from the pub. The fish would sell like hot cakes when he told the farmers and their wives where they came from. With luck he might sell the lot. Better to arrive home with money than fish. The home-townners would respect him all the more for not knowing how the money was made. Invisible fish, one of nature's greatest marvels, guaranteed to bring luck to the home . . . that was stretching it a bit but if they believed it, well, luck would be with 'em all right. Johnny wasn't much of a speaker but he felt that he couldn't go wrong with such material.

From a cooper on the quay he hired tubs and loaded them into a boat, hiring a boy also to help. But, easy as the filling of the tank had been with a dozen nimble Malays to help, the emptying of it was far from simple. The tubs were green and leaked at every shrunken seam and time went in sinking them and waiting for the timber to swell. Johnny thought of cans, milk cans even, but it was already too late to go hunting for such things. Better to wait till daylight, when the tubs would be sound and ready. So he paid off the boy, instructing him to come again at daybreak, spending the night smoking and dozing uncomfortably with his back against the tank, foolishly, for the chill of the tank brought on an old stiffness in his back and damned near crippled him. Couldn't afford a mischance now, though. The more he thought about it the more he wanted to return home grandly with brass in his pocket, not as a hawker of invisible fish. He prayed that Peskett had talked to the girl right and that the globes would be waiting in the

market square, dreaming curiously of Peskett-faced fish swimming and grinning against the windows of a magnificent bar-parlour.

The boy was very late in the morning. When he did come he said that a brass-knocker of a sailor had told him not to hurry. Johnny damned him, then recognised the description of Peskett and calmed a bit. Andy must have done it for the best. Perhaps the globes wouldn't arrive for an hour or so. Carefully for all his stiffness Johnny lowered the tubs into the boat, hurrying ashore. Next a fish trolley must be found, the owner satisfied and the tubs hauled ashore and reloaded. One way and another it was past noon before he reached the pub in the market square. The place was packed and the din of the market strong and steady. No globes or word from Andy.

Sweating and swearing Johnny locked the tubs of fish in an empty corn store and bowled away through the town, entering every china shop in sight. But Andy had been there before him and not a single suitable pot or bowl remained. Good work but where the hell had he dumped them? Tired and famished Johnny returned at last to the market square, a few miserable jumpots on the trolley, his mind made up to do the best he could with them until Andy turned up with his stock. The day was three parts dead but the noise of the crowded square brought a return of enthusiasm. They'd buy all right. He sent the boy off to search for Andy, collected the tubs of fish and set about finding a stand, anchoring the trolley at last among butter and fruit stalls and patent medicines. Disgustingly he polished a jumpot upon his silk neckerchief, scratching a label loose with his knife. Until Andy arrived he'd offer six fish for two bob. He dipped half a dozen fish into the pot, a difficult task in itself for the light was dwindling and the fish could only be felt like darting shreds of jelly. But at last he was ready. Holding the pot high he bawled for attention, words tumbling from him, not a skilled market patter but an excited history of the fish:

'Just off the *Tea-Taster*, lying down under. The queerest thing ye ever heard of . . . invisible fish, all the way from the tropics. Come on now, two bob for six, who'll buy?'

Johnny peered anxiously, but not a hand was raised. The crowd was big enough, scores of farmers and wives, townsfolk and even a few of the neighbouring stallholders too. But they weren't buying or listening even. They were growling among themselves. Johnny tried again:

'The first ever brought to England and dirt cheap at the price'. But only a catcall answered him: He straightened his aching back: 'What the hell's wrong with the lot of ye?' he demanded sturdily.

The words might have been spoons for the crowd circled a bit, a slow, angry stirring: 'You'll see!' came a shout and half a dozen hands reached for his legs, tipping him from the trolley. Heavy voices hopped and clapped and there was a stamping and lunging: 'Teach him a lesson!' Boots and fists were used freely on the frantic, helpless Johnny, and someone had an idea: 'Make him drink the slush'. They laughed and cheered viciously. Most of the pots were already broken and the tubs emptied, but one was found and filled and tipped into Johnny's brutally wrenched mouth. He gulped and choked, heaving and gasping, but they poured again mercilessly and his face went slowly blue, his eyes popping. Someone thumped him on the back half-heartedly but it didn't help. A last whistling gasp and he flopped loosely in their hands, curiously still. One of them, alarmed now, fumbled over him and the crowd became suddenly quiet, melting away. A cry went up for a doctor and a neat little man pressed forward, a policeman after him. He knelt and the policeman questioned those nearest.

'Twas like this', a burly farmer took up the tale: 'There was another of these chaps here this morning with the same sort of tale. Invisible fish from the tropics, a bob a time. He must have made a fortune while it lasted but 'twas an ugly trickery for 'twas only dirty water in the pots. This one was working the same game . . . thought there was a new lot of mugs here by now I suppose. We thought we'd make him drink his dirty water, that's all'.

He might have said a lot more only he was looking down at the doctor:

'Dead, choked', the doctor was saying calmly: 'And here's the reason'. And he held the points of a pair of tweezers against the black of his sleeve that all might see the needlesharp mess of fishbones caught between their shining points.

Books and Authors

A Remedy for our Economic Confusion

Stabilised Money. By Professor Irving Fisher. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

AS OUR ECONOMIC TROUBLES have become more manifestly serious, economists have tended to fall into disrepute. They have not risen to the occasion, their counsels have been divided, their advice conflicting and inadequate. There has been a growing suspicion that their practical recipes are based on inadequate knowledge and understanding of the organism whose illness they are required to cure, that their scientific groundwork lacks solidity. These suspicions are not without justification. It does not follow that the economists are to blame. Their field of study is extraordinarily difficult, with the phenomena constantly shifting, with no chance of experiment in scientific conditions, with wayward human motives and passions playing their part in determining events, with such well-founded conclusions as the economists have reached often neglected, while more tentative conclusions, if assisted by a gust of fashion, are given a prominence which they do not deserve. Amid this welter of confusion there is one principle which merits general acceptance, and that is that *money, our measure of value, ought to have stability of value*. It merits acceptance because it does not depend on a chain of reasoning, some links in which may be faulty, but is self-explanatory and independent of our analysis of the more subtle workings of the system. It is perfectly simple. It may be defended by analogy from other and maturer subjects of study. That which is used to measure a certain quantity ought itself to contain a constant quantity of that which it serves to measure. A yard measure should not be made of a material subject to frequent changes of length. That money is frequently and indeed at every turn used as a measure of value cannot reasonably be denied. That the monies used by this and other countries have in fact been subject to off-repeated and violent changes of value is well established. That this is likely to have been gravely injurious to the working of a system so dependent as ours on the use of this measure is clear, whatever differences of opinion there may be with regard to the chain of causation by which the injurious effects are brought about. Hence the demand for monetary reform. Unfortunately for the welfare of humanity so far, this reform has been pressed chiefly by the discredited band of economists. One reason is that it is they who have demonstrated and have apprehended more clearly than others how appallingly unstable the measure has been. Another is the tenacious and, indeed, reasonable conservatism of the politicians and financiers who are responsible for running our economic machine, which works on principles that neither they nor indeed the economists completely understand. When ignorant, how wise to cling to well-tried practices and usages! Yet in this particular instance the conservatism is misplaced. In brushing aside all new-fangled recipes based on inadequate knowledge, they have included this principle which is so clear, straightforward and simple, that it does not require for its justification any greater knowledge than actually exists.

The name of Professor Irving Fisher has recently become known to the general public, because the Press have given it prominence in connection with President Roosevelt's gold policy. He is sometimes referred to as though he were a crank whom the prevailing confusion has accidentally brought to the surface of affairs: no description of him could be more misleading. His name has for many years been a household word among students of economics. Already in the nineteenth century he published work which secured for him an international reputation as an economist of learning and power. In recent years he has concentrated his attention on this primary question of monetary stability, delving into the special problems which it involves, proposing practical expedients and popularising the idea. He has done tireless and courageous work. If, as is highly probable, the idea ultimately prevails, his name should be for ever held in honour. In *Stabilised Money* he gives us a history of the inception and progress of the idea and the projects of reform arising out of it. He does not neglect its first embryonic forms, and mentions early English pioneers, but is mainly concerned with the post-War period. He is generous and comprehensive in his treatment, noticing all the springs and rivulets contributing to the main stream even when their waters are not altogether pure but contain extraneous elements. He puts the best inter-

pretation on all signs of support and overlooks backsliding tendencies.

President Roosevelt has given monetary stability his public blessing. He had to break through dense thickets of prejudice, and he, too, will be honoured on this account by future generations. It is not yet clear how resolutely he will carry the doctrine into action. Nor is it clear what kind of legislative sanction those who wish reform should press for. Professor Fisher's book is particularly interesting in this connection. He explains how the Federal Reserve System of the United States was in the years 1923-1929 half-committed to the principle of maintaining monetary stability, but opposed legislative proposals to enforce this on it as an explicit duty. The officials tended to take the view that they were doing their best in any case, that they were uncertain of their powers, and that, this being so, a legislative mandate to do what might prove impossible would undermine confidence and injure their prestige. Professor Fisher argues that the absence of sanction was a source of weakness. Opinion in the system was divided, and its federal constitution increased the consequent tendency towards indeterminacy of action. The dominating personality of Governor Strong, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, whose death in 1923, before the rot began, may reasonably be regarded as more fraught with tragedy for the world than any other single event in recent years, gave some unity to the system. Thereafter the advocates of stable money did not prevail. There is a point in favour of legislative sanction of some kind which even Professor Fisher does not appear to appreciate fully. While the objective of stable money is clear enough, the means of achieving it may be more complex, involving also more drastic action, than he suggests. Vigorous Government co-operation may be necessary. In the absence of sanction, the drastic and even paradoxical nature of the actions required to secure stability will ensure victory for those who are opposed to it. The sanction might take statutory form or it might merely consist of a resolute determination of the supreme authority, Cabinet or President, to secure it.

This is a subject on which it is most important that the general public should be well-informed, in order to provide the ultimate democratic sanction. Professor Fisher's book is an invaluable guide to it on the historical side.

R. F. HARROD

In his broadcast on March 20 Mr. G. K. Chesterton dealt with *Brighton*, by Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton (Faber, 15s.); *History of Europe*, Vol. I, by the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s.; reviewed in our Book Chronicle on March 6); *The Post-War World*, by J. Hampden Jackson (Gollancz, 6s.); and *The Reign of King George the Fifth*, by D. C. Somervell (Faber, 12s. 6d.; reviewed in our Book Chronicle on February 27).

Snow

The room was suddenly rich and the great bay-window was
Spawning snow and pink roses against it
Soundlessly collateral and incompatible:
World is suddener than we fancy it.

World is crazier and more of it than we think,
Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion
A tangerine and spit the pips and feel
The drunkenness of things being various.

And the fire flames with a bubbling sound, for world
Is more spiteful and gay than one supposes—
On the tongue on the eyes on the ears in the palms of one's
hands—

There is more than glass between the snow and the huge roses.

LOUIS MACNEICE

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Letters, Speeches and Declarations of Charles II

Edited by Arthur Bryant. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

THOSE UNACCOUNTABLE VAGARIES or revolutions of thought, by which the characters of history are raised or debased according to the fashion of the hour, are now seeking to elevate the Stuart Kings of England to a position where historical equilibrium is only maintained with extreme difficulty. Nothing is more amiable than the desire to vindicate those who are wantonly maligned, but amiability too often becomes mere uncritical partiality, with inevitable distortions of lineament or perspective. In spite of some unfortunate cuts and a questionable adaptation to modern usage, the documents presented in this volume are of extraordinary interest. But when Mr. Bryant is dealing with King Charles II one has to make very considerable allowances for amiability. The running commentary by which the documents in this collection are strung together is admittedly slight, and a certain freedom of style is doubtless allowable in such a commentary; but it has to be remembered, in many passages, that Mr. Bryant is riding a hobby-horse. Once this is understood, the reader will proceed to enjoy the book; and a very enjoyable book it is.

Some doubt may be felt occasionally as to the real authorship of royal letters, and even more doubt in the case of royal speeches. But Charles, as Mr. Bryant points out, had a graceful style of his own. His private letters are both easy and entertaining to read, and they certainly illustrate his variegated and wayward character. Mr. Bryant reminds us that the King is 'no Cromwell or Palmerston', but the warning is hardly necessary. He was an amusing, unscrupulous and warm-hearted gentleman, but he was neither a statesman nor a leader; though his facile indifference often had the effect of judicious compromise. The half-amorous letters of Charles to his sister 'Minette' (Madame) are well known and are perhaps the most interesting part of this collection. No apologist will ever succeed in persuading a real student of history (and of humanity) to regard King Charles II as a disinterested patriot and a capable administrator, however plausible the argument and however adroit the missions. As a ruler Charles is hardly respectable; as a typical, easy-going gentleman of the seventeenth century he is almost attractive. It is therefore in his private letters that one has a chance of liking him and of being genuinely entertained. When he talks about 'a little fantastical gentleman called Cupid', or when he gravely observes, 'I am sorry to find that cuckolds in France grow so troublesome', he is more engaging than he is in the disingenuous subtleties of his official correspondence or speeches, when he is trying to get money, not entirely (as he pretends) for the defence of the realm, but largely for his own expensive amusements. It is interesting to observe the familiar defence against the charge of war-mongering: 'God knows, I desire no blessing in the world so much as that I may live to see a firm peace between all Christian princes and states; but let me tell you . . . they are the aggressors and the breakers of the peace, and not we'. The mingling of speeches, declarations and letters in one small volume is not in every way a happy procedure: an unabridged text of the letters alone, with fewer official documents, would have been more satisfactory. But a very large number of readers will be grateful to Mr. Bryant for having got together an extremely interesting collection.

Draft of Cantos XXXI-XLI. By Ezra Pound

Faber. 6s.

The new Cantos keep up the standard of the old, and still show no plan but caprice. Provence (love and so on) has a very well-written canto, Greece in the style of H.D. has a competent and uncomfortable canto, and there is a fine straightforward half-canto translating Hanno's Voyages. The rest are about modern politics and economics; there is a plain statement of Major Douglas' currency theory and some very interesting material from the times of Jefferson and President Jackson. It is in these cantos that one finds poetry written from serious pressure of feeling. What must be heartily admired is that Mr. Pound can write his kind of poetry about anything that interests him; also he deserves permanent respect for insisting that poetry needs concentration of language and does not need a loose bleating among the emotions of infinity.

But in most of this book he wants to be heard and to con-

vince, and the highbrow manner, the suggestion of hinting at what the fit reader already knows, merely cuts him off from any public. A not specially obscure line runs:

'Peggy Eaton's own story' (Headline 1932)

It is fair enough to assume that we know this is the lady over whom Jackson broke with Calhoun, and the date may be a misprint, but whatever year is meant nobody is going to look through all its newspapers to find what this headline signified in the affair. There seems to be no reason why Mr. Pound should not give notes, a thing he could do very well, saying where his examples come from and what they are meant to illustrate. The common reader is prepared to be humble about learned literary allusions but wants an economic argument from recent history to be properly documented. Many poets really need to avoid the crowd and write for the clique that can appreciate them, but the attitude behind this poetry is finely and genuinely democratic; it would suit Mr. Pound's feelings to be as clear and ringing as the great democrats he treats of. The effect is an almost comic waste of the author's powers. Mr. G. K. Chesterton in his political poetry sets out to stir our feelings in much the same way about much the same things; his technique is stale and narrow beside that of Mr. Pound; and he is enormously more competent at doing what they both try to do.

Design. By Noel Carrington. Twentieth Century Library. Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.

The name of the series in which this book appears, together with the monosyllabic title, might well indicate the arrival of yet another of the numerous volumes that have recently been written to arouse interest in the somewhat distressing flirtation between art and industry recently in progress at Burlington House. It is rather an essentially readable confession of faith by one who has now for some years worked with energy, modesty and persistence in the growing movement which would bring about the long-delayed alliance between manufacturer and artist. Mr. Carrington sets out to persuade us that 'a well-ordered and beautiful civilisation is within sight' given a proper understanding by the majority of the population of the basic principles of design. He interprets design as a fusion of fitness, order, and beauty (in that sequence) more especially in relation to our mode of living and to articles of everyday use, insisting that the real need is to adapt ourselves to the conditions of a machine-age—for here is the clue to all this talk about design. Inevitable comparisons with other important epochs in the history of this country form a retrospect comprising nearly half the volume, which greatly enhances the value of this essay. The author treats the social background not as an encouragement to thoughtless admirers of the antique 'to escape from the world of their own time and construct for themselves a child's paradise', but as an inspiration to us to adjust ourselves, as others before us have done in periods of equally great change and stress. The Machine of today, as a dominating influence in our lives, is not irrelevantly compared with the Church in the Middle Ages, the New Learning in the English Renaissance, Taste in the eighteenth century, and Money in the Victorian Dark Ages.

In the chapters on the problems of the moment, the individual, the State, the manufacturer and distributor, and the artist, are all shown to have vital parts to play. While Mr. Carrington does not damage his case by writing in a partisan spirit, he does not fear to strike at our most deep-rooted instincts. We are told that 'it is cheaper to scrap and buy anew than to repair the old. . . . Durability is no longer a virtue'. And what of the future of the artist-craftsman who must handle material and use tools and work for a personal patron? No real solution is offered by surmising that the number of art-patrons will increase with a distribution of wealth. The artist will not easily go under, but without him the present doctrine of *fitness for purpose* will become as obsolete as that of *art for art's sake*: 'because some manufactured object serves its purpose adequately, it is not therefore a work of art'.

It is much to be hoped that this admirable book will be read by everyone who manufactures anything from a button (amended by the author into 'zip-fastener') to a boiler, every distributor of goods, especially the authorities of the great departmental stores, and every teacher of history. The manufacturer will find

cogent reasons for employing instead of distrusting the artist, and a continuous appeal to reason will do more to influence him than a succession of illustrated journals which lay their bait in the form of studio photographs of rather ordinary objects (see the suit-case on one of the plates in this book); the magnate at the stores will find himself rightly treated by Mr. Carrington to some hard words, because owing to the immensity of his operations he influences the manufacturer and he has not the faith and vision to bombard the public with well-designed goods and make them buy them. He will only stock what is chosen as a 'selling line' by the omnipotent buyer. On the historian, especially if he works in a public school, it may dawn that his subject is better taught by reference to social life than to foreign policies and peninsular campaigns. The taste of the leisured few can but imperceptibly raise the general level, and only when a demand for design—and the schoolmaster is here a valuable ally—comes welling up from the bottom, will Mr. Carrington's Utopia be in sight.

The Treaty of Versailles and After. A Series of Broadcast Talks. Allen and Unwin. 5s.

During the past fifteen years both the Treaty of Versailles and the statesmen who made it have been subjected to a continuous fire of criticism and propaganda, and the unilateral denunciation by Germany of its military clauses has centred attention once more upon it. This interesting series of broadcast talks, re-edited in book form, has appeared, therefore, at an unexpectedly opportune moment.

After the late Lord Riddell has opened with a personal description of the protagonists, Professor Webster gives some idea of the immense problem and the peculiar difficulties which confronted the peacemakers, setting to work as they did at short notice without a concerted plan, in a wartime atmosphere of hatred, mistrust, and propaganda. To complete the first part Professor Toynbee explains, in four chapters, the Treaty itself, the principles on which it was drawn up, and its provisions regarding reparations, disarmament, territorial rearrangements and the League of Nations. The second part consists of a series of chapters contributed by representatives of French, German, Italian and American opinion. Professor Saurat explains how France, deprived of the Anglo-American guarantee promised to her at the Peace Conference, and thus of security, was thrown back on a strict interpretation of the Treaty as her only guarantee. Treaties in this legalistic view may be altered by agreement but not broken. Against this Baron von Rheinbaben sets the German view—demand for the revision of a dictated peace, designed to keep Germany in a state of permanent inequality, and for equality of rights and security. Senatore Davanzati follows with an *exposé* of the Italian view, essentially realist. 'Treaties are sacred', Mussolini has said, 'but not eternal'. In any case revision has been going on ever since 1920—reparations, evacuation of the Rhineland, and now armaments. To conclude the series Mrs. Hollond re-states the essential American view—no entanglement in European squabbles. The third part consists of two chapters. In one Sir Norman Angell enters a plea for the collective system; in the other Lord Reading delivers a masterly summing-up. The crux of the matter, however, is not so much the fairness or unfairness from Germany's point of view of some of the clauses—in the proper atmosphere such things would be susceptible of negotiation—but Germany's intentions for the future. 'The real initiative lies with Germany'; Lord Reading considers. 'She can only secure [the Treaty's] modification by proving beyond all doubt that she seeks its modification only for legitimate purposes and by methods of friendly and peaceful co-operation at Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations, the body which was created for that purpose' Germany may, on the other hand, seek to alter the Treaty 'by unilateral action or by a mere *ipse dixit* on its part. To concede this fundamental principle', would, in Lord Reading's view, 'undermine the whole public law of the civilised world, and the lawlessness which would ensue would in the long run do as much harm to Germany as to any other civilised nation'.

The Growth of Stuart London

By Norman G. Brett-James. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

One of the greatest attractions of history is the opportunity which it affords of watching our ancestors grappling with the problems of today on the smaller platform of the past. And few subjects are more fruitful in this particular interest than that chosen by Mr. Brett-James. Stuart London grew at a rate which, although it may appear slow to us, was alarmingly rapid

to contemporaries. In growing, it created or aggravated for itself many of the problems which we still know only too well. Jerry-building and the division of houses into tenements produced malodorous slums, which proved their perils in the frequent visitations of the plague. The increased use of wheeled vehicles raised acute traffic difficulties in the narrow city streets. Ribbon development into the countryside and the filling up of city gardens and suburban fields made urgent the protection of open spaces within and of a 'green ring' around the growing mass of bricks and mortar. The Great Fire produced both the opportunity and the schemes, inevitably rejected, for intelligent town-planning. For a time the Civil War raised the problem of defence. All these parallels to modern conditions are well brought out by Mr. Brett-James who, far from dismissing them with academic unconcern, is inclined to add rather more dubious examples to their number. Thus in Chapter IX a suburban corporation with powers, from the evidence quoted by the author, limited to the control of suburban trade, is exalted to the scarcely merited dignity of a seventeenth-century L.C.C.

All readers who delight in finding familiar topics set in unfamiliar surroundings will read this book with pleasure. It is a mine of information; its only important shortcoming is that it sometimes carries its likeness to a mine rather too far. Its contents are rich, but they are often inconveniently arranged and sometimes can be extracted only after considerable digging. There are passages which suggest that Mr. Brett-James' principles of construction were two; a relentless determination to squeeze in the greatest possible amount of the material which he has collected in the last eleven years, and a truly antiquarian refusal to be drawn into any generalisations or critical interpretation. Consequently the quality of the book varies according as its different parts lend themselves to that type of treatment. In topography an ounce of fact is no doubt worth a ton of theory, and the topographical sections are both admirable and authoritative. They abound in valuable and curious information and are illustrated with excellent maps. But in other parts there is a marked decline. The causes of the city's growth scarcely receive passing mention. The chapter on population ignores the most valuable evidence that we have—the various tax assessments in the Guildhall archives. The long passages on government policy are so choked with summaries of and quotations from contemporary documents, themselves largely repetitions, that the bewildered reader may well be pardoned for failing to see the wood for the trees. These blemishes, however, do not alter the fact that this is a book which no one interested in London history can afford to miss.

The Correct Economy for the Machine Age

By A. G. McGregor. Pitman. 7s. 6d.

The author of this stimulating book holds that economic liberty has lost ground and will be superseded by Government regimentation if capitalists do not open their eyes to certain fundamental defects in the system. His diagnosis is clear and convincing, his remedy bold and provocative. He contends that the effort of maintaining a high rate of exchange at a fixed level under the gold standard compelled employers to lower wages in order to reduce costs and sell at a competitive price abroad; and that this was exactly the wrong thing to do at a time when productive methods were improving. Mass production can only succeed if there is mass-consumption to match it. The lowering of wages, while temporarily helpful in selling goods abroad, reduces purchasing power in the internal market and destroys the equilibrium between production and consumption. We could only have clung to the gold standard in 1931, the author points out, by lowering wages drastically—a policy we wisely did not pursue. Mr. McGregor, then, advocates a flexible exchange system, free from gold and dependent wholly on trade movements, which will allow wages to be regulated as the productive and distributive processes improve or deteriorate. In practice, it is contended, processes under mass-production would always tend to improve, so that it would seldom if ever be necessary to lower wages, which would steadily rise. This would not cause a rise in prices, since the increase in wages would, if scientifically managed, precisely balance the improvement in methods. Thus internal prices would always be steady, and debts would not become inflated as they did during the period of falling prices between 1926 and 1932.

These wage proposals could hardly fail to win acceptance if all that was required from now on was to keep the internal price level stable; but unfortunately the task is not such an easy one. Wholesale prices have fallen disastrously since 1926, and as prices have fallen debts have increased. If we are to relieve the

Brighton

by Osbert Sitwell
and Margaret Barton

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Is War Obsolete? By C. E. Raven
Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.

The very title which Canon Raven gives to his Halley Stewart Lectures implies that he judges war in the light of evolution and in historical perspective. That war has played a great part and not necessarily a negative degrading part in human history he would not be anxious to deny, but the question for the present generation is whether it has not become an anachronism? To persist in an anachronism is a sin whose wages are inevitably death. This is true both in natural evolution and in Christian theology.

Canon Raven, as a chaplain, saw the realities of war at close quarters. He does not believe in exaggerating horrors or in appeals to fear, but he indicates very clearly the intolerable moral wastage of war. An old campaigner of the Napoleonic wars once observed that a short war may elevate men morally, but a long war never does. In modern war, a brief experience is too long. 'The demands upon fortitude in a single day of modern battle were greater than in a lifetime of previous campaigning'. And the causes for which heroism and self-sacrifice are demanded, are not good enough. 'It is folly and wastage, idolatry and sacrilege, to demand such an offering for any but the highest service'. Canon Raven would not say that the action of the nation in 1914 was wrong, but we shall be terribly to blame if we allow such a situation to recur or if we have nothing better to do should a similar situation face us. War is certainly obsolescent. Between peoples who claim to be civilised or who are in any degree Christian, war is an inexcusable crime.

Can we make war obsolete? If Canon Raven cannot suggest any simple road to this end, his book, rich in wisdom and experience, is a real contribution to the solution of a pressing problem.

History of the Scots Guards, 1642-1914. By Sir Frederick Maurice. Chatto and Windus. 42s.

It is impossible in the brief space available to do adequate justice to this monumental work. In two massive and finely got-up volumes Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, with a fulness of detail which yet is never allowed to reach the point of overloading or to cumber the steady flow of a most dramatic story, has presented us with a complete account of the fortunes of this famous regiment from the time when it was first embodied in 1639, with the specific task of enforcing the Covenant in the Western Highlands, to the outbreak of the Great War. The long series of campaigns and battles, from Rullion Green to Diamond Hill, in which the Regiment has been engaged during the two-and-a-half centuries of its history with which the book deals, are described in exactly the right manner. In each case the part taken by the Scots Guards is vividly silhouetted against the general sequence of events. It is not at all easy to write history of this sort, and probably no person better qualified to do it could have been selected than Sir Frederick Maurice. A fascinating feature is the extent to which use has been made of private letters from members of the Regiment: these transport us back into the surge and rush of battle in a way that no account subsequently written can do. But the work is a good deal more than merely a piece of competent and well-written military history. It is also a regimental record of the first importance. The documentation throughout is admirable, and is particularly full for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the appendices to each chapter are printed *in extenso* a series of orders, pay rolls, establishment states, drill regulations, lists of casualties and promotions, etc., forming an unrivalled *corpus* of documents elucidating the history of a famous regiment. Three of the most interesting of these appendices deal respectively with the Regimental Colours, Band, and Dress; the two last articles are from the pens of collaborators expert in their special fields. The

article on Dress in itself ranks as an important contribution to the history of British costume. At the end of the work is a complete nominal roll of all the officers from 1642 to 1934. A special word of praise is due to the two admirable indices.

General Maurice throughout passes his own judgment upon the events in which the Regiment has been engaged, and a very expert and stimulating judgment it is. In the case of two notable battles, Waterloo and the Alma, he has been able in important particulars to correct the received accounts, and to place in a proper perspective the part taken by the Scots Guards. The book is fully and admirably illustrated—though one could wish that the source of the illustrations had been given in every case. It is also fully equipped with maps and plans. Particularly valuable are the illustrations, some of them coloured, of the uniforms worn by different ranks at various periods. The work is dedicated to H.M. the King, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, and there is a foreword by its Colonel, Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of York, who rightly eulogises General Maurice's book as 'this connected and perfect story which tells of the Third Guards in three centuries of peace and war'.

English Country Life in the Eighteenth Century
By Rosamund Bayne-Powell. Murray. 10s. 6d.

'A time there was, ere England's griefs began, when every rood of ground maintained its man'. That happy time was at its zenith at the opening of the eighteenth century, just before the enclosure system was put into operation, when four-fifths of the population of England lived, and lived in sufficiency, upon the soil. There was a paltry urban million. The rest were countrymen, and the farmer was the nation's backbone. This book sets out to paint a picture of that essential England. Its weakness is inherent in the fact that a century is a long time and simply will not sit still to have its portrait painted. In a gallant endeavour to capture a comprehensive likeness, the author hops about discursively but confusingly, here and there among her hundred years, alighting now upon 1772, now upon 1727, and now upon 1790. One becomes more convinced than ever that the only successful way to write of any given period is to start at the beginning, go on until you come to the end, then stop. Alternatively, the author might well have limited herself to one arbitrarily chosen year—say the year 1735. Squire, parson, schoolmaster, constable, doctor, tradesman, and labourer, and their houses, clothes, food and drink, and manners and customs would have varied only infinitesimally between a single January and December. Miss Bayne-Powell could have done this well, for she has obviously steeped herself in her period. To students of the eighteenth century her books bring little that is new. Yet any book deserves welcome that helps to bring into correct focus the robust rural background to the age of sedan chairs and coffee-house epigram. The general reader, if he can contrive to swallow a whole century at once without mental indigestion, will find in it any amount of entertaining and instructive reading.

Memories of My Childhood. By Selma Lagerlöf
Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.

This is the second volume of Miss Lagerlöf's recollections. She looks back more than half a century and gives a picture of the kind of life which, in England as well as in Sweden, is becoming increasingly rare. On the last page of this book the adolescent Selma Lagerlöf senses this decay of familiar things: 'I close my eyes, and I seem to feel the earth tremble. One after another of the great manorial estates crumble . . .'. It was a pleasant, peaceful life they lived at Mårbacka, in an almost self-sufficient community, where necessities and pleasures were alike home-made: where Maja Råd the seamstress, with her pleasant chatter, came and made up the materials woven by the mistress of the house; where the height of excitement was reached by the joyful terror of the 'Easter witch' that the maids decked out every year. 'We know, of course, that she is only a straw witch, but we are supposed to be frightened—that is part of the play'. Miss Lagerlöf conveys the point of view of a small girl at the time, not that of a grown-up after fifty or sixty years. This reality is found, perhaps, most strongly in the chapter called 'The Vow' and in the child's observation of the moods and doings of her elders. Impressions received in childhood are often given coherence only by the experience of later years. Miss Lagerlöf always avoids applying to events an understanding which the child at that time could not have possessed, and the result is an unusual honesty.

New Novels

The Young Joseph. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Ripeness is All. By Eric Linklater. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Captain Patch. Twenty-one Stories. By T. F. Powys. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THOMAS MANN is by general agreement the most eminent German writer at present living. He has achieved this position partly by his great natural gifts and partly by following out the development of his talent with a complete disregard for what the public might want. He has never repeated himself. His first long novel, *Buddenbrooks*, has often been compared to Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, and the two books actually set out to do pretty much the same thing, using pretty much the same literary convention. But his second long novel was *The Magic Mountain*, which was so original both in plan and execution that there was no existing model to which it could conveniently be compared. Now has appeared *Joseph and his Brethren*, which no more resembles *The Magic Mountain* than that resembled *Buddenbrooks*. One can feel in reading these two later books a deliberate and careful reflection at work; they have not only been originally conceived, but all their implications have been weighed in their author's mind, as if he had definitely come to the conclusion: 'This is what I must do next'. This deliberate planning of the work of a lifetime is extraordinarily impressive, for one feels behind it both a comprehensive view of the author's task and a conscious mastery of his powers sufficient to enable him to sit down with confidence to fulfil it. There is probably no other contemporary writer, with the exception of Mr. W. B. Yeats, whom one can think of as working on this large scale. It is questionable whether Herr Mann's genius always answers his will as completely as this method of creation requires: there are dull passages in *The Magic Mountain* and disconcerting lapses in *Joseph and his Brethren*; but there can be no doubt either that these two books are among the outstanding achievements of modern literature.

The Young Joseph is the second volume of *Joseph and his Brethren*, the third and last of which has already appeared in German and is soon to appear here. In this volume, as in its predecessor *The Tales of Jacob*, and in *The Magic Mountain*, Herr Mann is fundamentally concerned with the problem of Time and its fabulous workings on our conceptions of human life. In *The Magic Mountain* he analysed the effects of Time on a community shut off from the ordinary world in a Swiss sanatorium, where the days seemed endless in their monotony and yet the years passed like a dream, as if they had never been lived. In *The Young Joseph* he is concerned with the vaster transmutations of Time; and in relating a universal story he shows us that it contains a countless series of stories going back beyond it to the beginning of recorded fable. The story of Joseph lives on the borderline between ordinary fiction and fairy-tale, history and myth; it partakes of the nature of all these things, is realistic and symbolical, credible and fabulous at the same time. Herr Mann has taken the simple two-dimensional tale in the Bible and immersed it in a new ocean of Time discovered by archaeological and historical research and recreated by his philosophical imagination, until it glows with all the changing colours of the various worlds of reality to which it belongs. The mere erudition of this feat is impressive in itself; but what makes it unique is the ease and certainty with which Herr Mann's imagination moves on all these levels of truth, the sureness with which he follows the story through its countless sequence of metamorphoses, until it becomes both a divine and a human tale in which the histories of gods and men are inextricably mingled. One can think of no more difficult task for a storyteller; yet it is here that Herr Mann succeeds most brilliantly. His relation of the actual dramatic events in the story strikes one sometimes as flat and unconvincing; Joseph's journey to Dothan to meet his angry brothers and their attack on him are almost feebly handled; but when Herr Mann attempts the subtle task of showing human life turning into fable and of tracing the infinitely deceptive transmutations of Time, he writes with a magic and a penetration such as no other living writer could equal. On one side this book might be regarded as a philosophical analysis of the whole art of storytelling, or indeed as a new kind of story which consists in the story of the story itself, telling the changes through which it has passed and the shapes which it has assumed and discarded,

none of them final and all of them complete in themselves. Or it might be regarded as the story of the human imagination, or of man's search for truth: it is indeed many things in one; and a very inadequate idea of it is given by calling it a truly philosophical novel. The whole atmosphere of the story is marvellously deep and beautiful; and the inner life of Joseph, his dreams and hopes, has a true poetic reality. The only place where Herr Mann is disappointing is in his relation of violent events. The present volume describes the growth of the enmity between Joseph and his brothers, their selling of him to the Midianite, and Jacob's grief. It may be read as a story in itself, but nobody who comes under its spell will miss reading the first book too. The translation is sometimes brilliant, but very uneven.

Ripeness is All is in parts an extremely entertaining story, but it is very seldom entertaining on the level that one expects from Mr. Linklater. The theme at first glance seems to be full of comic possibilities: actually it turns out to be rather poor in them. Major Gander dies and leaves an unusual will bequeathing his fortune to that one of his relatives who, five years later, shall 'have become the parent, whether father or mother, of the greatest number of children born in holy wedlock'. As the story proceeds it becomes more and more clear that the winning of this prize depends chiefly on what the doctors used to call nature; leaving the characters with nothing much to do except perform their connubial duties, talk scandal about each other and cast doubt on their rivals' chances; beyond which the subject shows an extraordinary poverty of possibilities. The result is that Mr. Linklater has to rely chiefly on his skill in inventing episodes one after another, which have only a loose connection with the subject. Some of these are very amusing, such as Bolivia's determined effort to marry Stephen, and the return of George from India with a bogus family of mixed colours: but probably the best things of all are Arthur's extravagantly imaginative stories of the War, which have nothing to do with the subject at all. Mr. Linklater's distinctive talent is for extravagant humorous invention; when he gives rein to it he is a truly remarkable writer. One feels throughout this story that the plot is perpetually pulling him up and hindering the flow of his fantasy, which is best when it is wildest. There is nothing in the book to equal the fine reckless fancy of the Shakespeare *versus* Racine debates in *Magnus Merriman*; the theme is always bringing the author to heel, until one would be glad to get away from it. Many people will find the book amusing, nevertheless, though it contains very little of the quintessence of Mr. Linklater's wit and hardly a touch of his generous Rabelaisian humanity.

Mr. T. F. Powys is a writer who from the beginning has maintained pretty much the same level of excellence and spoken in much the same inflection. The world he describes is both clear and terrifying in outline, and even his humorous stories (there are several in his latest volume) have a faintly frightening quality: the cruelty of the world is always waiting in the background and may pounce at any moment. Mr. Powys sees the passions, both good and bad, as ultimates, and this gives him a curiously direct and obvious vision of evil which colours all his work. That vision was perfectly clear in his first book, *The Left Leg*, and since then he has gone on repeating it in various forms with the same pattern running through them. One knows beforehand the figures one will encounter in his stories, yet one continues to read them with undiminished interest. The reason for this lies simply in the unvarying originality of his imagination, in a quality of continuous unexpectedness even when it is dealing with expected situations. The present volume has this compelling quality as strongly as its predecessors.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *The Scandal of Father Brown*, by G. K. Chesterton (Cassell); *The Wife of Elias*, by Eden Phillpotts, (Hutchinson); *Men of Good Will. Book VII. The Lonely*, by Jules Romains (Lovat Dickson); and *Change Your Sky*, by Anna D. Whyte (Hogarth Press), all at 7s. 6d.